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The Shape of Things

ALTHOUGH THE RUSSIANS ARE RAPIDLY APproaching the "sacred soil" of East Prussia, the official German communiqués still start with news of the Normandy front. This can hardly be because the Nazis believe that the threat to the Reich is at present greater in the west, but it may be because in France they are enjoying some measure of negative success. They have slowed down the Allied advance to a crawl, and their grim resistance has led some commentators to express the fear that the Normandy campaign may degenerate into the positional warfare of 1914 to 1918. Certainly the mud that was so characteristic of Flanders is once again proving a major aid to the defense, and the constant rain that has created it has served to cripple our air forces for much of the time. Yet despite these obstacles General Montgomery's men are contriving to move forward, even if very slowly. Gradually they are gaining elbow room and building up the power that will eventually dislodge Rommel and open the way to Paris. Meanwhile the Allied armies in Italy, which had experienced a check, seem to be advancing with a new momentum. This may indicate that the German High Command has been forced to weaken the Italian front in order to attempt to plug the hole in the east. But unless the Nazis withdraw from Italy altogether, they cannot begin to find enough divisions to compensate for their losses in Russia during the past four weeks. As the German radio military commentator, Lieutenant General Dittmar, has admitted, the defense of the Reich necessitates "a radical straightening of the whole front." This aim can hardly be accomplished without a total abandonment of the Baltic states, but it seems probable that once again the Germans have held on too long. Already there is talk of evacuating this region by sea—an operation which promises a field day for the Red air force and navy.

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THE CHOICE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AS the Democratic candidate for 1944 has appeared inevitable for a long time. The average American, when he stops to think about it, identifies Mr. Roosevelt with the great events of the last twelve years. The Roosevelt Era is the era of the Great Depression, the Great Recovery, and the Greatest War; it is likely to end with

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the Great Reconstruction Program for the post-war years. Throughout his terms of office Mr. Roosevelt has fought with varying degrees of success and compromise the war against the dodos who at any human cost sought to drag the country back to the untrammeled capitalism which collapsed in 1929 and the isolationism whose death knell was sounded by the advent of Adolf Hitler. Where he divided the country it was on a fundamental choice between progress and reaction. Where he achieved unity it was in terms of the bold policies needed to save the American people from economic and social chaos and the world from the desolation of fascism. Mr. Roosevelt has proved himself a great war leader. It is almost pathetic at this stage to hear a Republican candidate protest against "civilian interference" in the military conduct of the war and listen to the factitious debate on the office of Commander-in-Chief. Mr. Roosevelt, assuming full responsibility for crucial strategic decisions, has come to represent, for soldier and civilian, the symbol of the greatest democratic war effort in history. The requirements of leadership will be even more exacting in the days ahead. Far in advance of the nation in perceiving the approach of war, Mr. Roosevelt has shown himself singularly blind to the revolutionary forces that are determining the shape of the post-war world. Moreover, the economic dodos are still perched high in Washington. But President Roosevelt has been a man whose greatness shines brightest in times of crisis. He is the only possible leader for the next four years.

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ROOSEVELT'S RECOGNITION OF THE FRENCH Provisional Government as the de facto authority in France and General Eisenhower's official acceptance and warm praise of the services of the French Resistance mark the end of the long and tortuous trail from Darlan to De Gaulle. To be sure, Mr. Roosevelt still insists on calling the Provisional Government a committee and General Eisenhower has the power to veto its suggestions for military reasons, but to all intents and purposes the Provisional Government is the government of France until such time as an election can be held. The results are already apparent. "General Charles de Gaulle's organization for the relief and rehabilitation of liberated French towns and cities," reads a dispatch from Normandy, "is proving so brilliantly effective in the case of Caen that the preparations of the Allies' civil affairs detachments seem to some extent superfluous. . . . The city is being administered by men appointed to their posts by General de Gaulle long in advance of D-Day. The French preparations were meticulous even to medical orderlies and cooks recruited from among Frenchwomen in England. They all have been working magnificently with our civil-affairs officers and our field commanders." The reason is very simple. The men appointed by De Gaulle could not work at all if they did not have the support of the French population. That is the secret of their success. It is also the secret of the final willing recognition of De Gaulle. We hope the Allies have at last learned that military expediency is expedient only when it coincides with political sense.

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THE EXPERTS' PLAN FOR AN INTERNATIONAL stabilization fund has been accepted with some modifications by the Bretton Woods conference, which can now give its full attention to proposals for a world institution providing long-term credit. In setting up the fund the chief difficulties encountered were all connected with the quotas which each participating nation must contribute to it. These quotas will govern voting power and also the volume of foreign exchange which a country can acquire from the fund. Hence the tendency was for nations to seek as large quotas as possible. On the other hand, each contributor to the fund must pay in 25 per cent of its quota in gold, or 10 per cent of its gold holdings, whichever is the less, so that an increase in its quota may involve tying up a larger proportion of its bullion reserves. Russia, foreseeing the need of very large imports to restore its devastated areas after the war, wanted a larger quota than the $800 million to $1 billion tentatively allotted to it, but it also wished to reduce the size of its gold contribution in order to have more of the metal available for financing foreign purchases. A new quota of $1.2 billion has now been approved for Russia; on the basis of the existing formula this will involve a gold payment of $300 million unless Russian gold holdings are below $3 billion. If their gold stocks exceed this figure, and there is some reason to believe that they do, it would seem hardly worth while for the Russians to maintain their reservations regarding this item to the point of jeopardizing the agreement. The proportion of the fund's resources represented by gold is not perhaps very important from the point of view of its economic success. But it is important politically, for any attempt to whittle down the "real" values in the fund will make it doubly damned by conservative bankers and Congressmen.

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THE AGREEMENT REACHED AT BRETTON Woods is, in any case, destined to meet very severe opposition when it is presented to Congress for ratification. Senator Taft has already expressed the opinion that Congress will never approve any scheme remotely resembling the experts' plan which was the basis for discussion at the conference. The proposed fund, he declared, was not large enough for the post-war emergency but would be much too large when normal commercial and financial conditions were reestablished. But how is the emergency to be overcome and such conditions brought about? If an international fund of $8 billion plus is too little, is the Senator prepared to advocate that

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the United States grant direct credits on a still larger scale? Mr. Taft admits that we shall have to make loans to foreign countries after the war, but he does not want to use the machinery of the international fund, fearing that all the good dollars we pay into it will be swallowed up by penurious foreign nations who will replace them by their own "worthless" currencies. He overlooks the provisions of the plan which insure that the gold value of the fund's resources will always be constant since countries which depreciate their currencies are obligated to increase their payments into the fund proportionately. Our stake in the fund will represent potential purchasing power which, at our option, we can exchange for the goods and services of other countries. It will therefore be worth neither more nor less than an equivalent amount of gold buried at Fort Knox.

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MR. DEWEY'S DILEMMA ON THE SOLDIER vote was the dilemma of a small politician. He weighed the political capital that might accrue from a last-minute gesture to the armed services against the almost certain loss of hundreds of thousands of New York soldier votes for Roosevelt. For under the present New York state law it is unlikely that more than 80,000 of New York's 800,000 soldiers will have any voice in the November decision. It was the small politician who refused to receive a non-partisan delegation of prominent New York citizens who journeyed to Albany to consult him on the matter. He made no reply to the telegrams of three veterans' organizations petitioning him to open up the federal ballot to New York soldiers before the time limit expired on July 15. A bigger man, confident of his ability to lead the nation in time of war, would have insisted that American soldiers from every state and on every battle front have equal opportunity with civilians to cast their votes. For soldiers above all citizens surely have a stake in democracy. But Mr. Dewey has shown that he has no conception of the grandeur or the awfulness of the issues involved in this world war. If he resents the fact that Mr. Roosevelt acts in his capacity of commander in chief it is because the role seems bigger than Mr. Dewey himself could handle. Mr. Dewey can never be a commander; he has shown that he has some qualifications as a sniper; he can make use of an immediate tactical advantage, but is utterly unfit to think in terms of grand strategy. That is the tragic failure of Mr. Dewey. A private in the Normandy firing line, a soldier's wife in Brooklyn can understand Mr. Dewey's betrayal more readily than his slickest political adviser in Albany.

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MR. CHURCHILL AND OTHERS WHO BELIEVE that ideological factors are of diminishing importance in the war might pay some attention to what is happening in Latin America. For physically remote as that vast region is from the conflict, and in spite of the primitive political development of many of its inhabitants, it is powerfully affected by the same political cross-currents that are sweeping Europe. Economically Latin America is experiencing a war boom but not enjoying healthy prosperity. Demand for its products makes money plentiful, but the difficulty of exchanging the proceeds of its exports for imports has made manufactured goods scarce and sent prices soaring, causing much suffering. These conditions, in themselves, create political unrest and provide grist for both democratic and fascist propaganda mills. Dictators abound in Latin America, but with the exception of the Argentine fascist junta they have adhered to the United Nations and opened their countries to Allied propagandists who, tactful as they may be, can hardly avoid providing some food for dangerous thoughts. The atmosphere is less healthy for dictatorships. Thus in the past few months we have seen the voluntary abdication of President Batista of Cuba, who by permitting a free election restored democracy to his country, and the sudden collapse of dictatorships in Ecuador, El Salvador, and Guatemala. In the last two, apparently well-intrenched regimes were swept into oblivion by spontaneous civilian uprisings. This is a hopeful sign, and so is the ignominious failure of the military plot against President Lopez of Colombia, head of one of the most democratic governments in Latin America.

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DONALD NELSON SEEMS TO HAVE TRIUMPHED in the compromise which ended his long and bitter dispute with the armed services and the War Manpower Commission over the resumption of civilian production. Although the four orders which he had prepared covering the initial steps in reconversion were postponed for varying lengths of time, the orders will all be issued during the next month instead of being delayed until after Germany's capitulation as desired by the military authorities. They provide for (1) release of some aluminum and magnesium for civilian uses, (2) release of a limited quantity of machine tools to civilian industries, (3) experimental development models for civilian goods, and (4) a procedure under which individual manufacturers who have excess capacity not needed for the war effort may be permitted to make certain civilian articles. The controversy with respect to these orders revolved chiefly around their probable effect on the manpower situation. The military authorities are fearful lest even a moderate resumption of civilian production induce war workers to leave their emergency jobs in order to seek seniority on permanent civilian jobs. Any large-scale movement in this direction would set back the entire war effort and might delay final victory by many months. On the other hand, it is impossible to justify

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idle men or idle machines in face of severe shortages of many kinds of essential civilian goods. The War Manpower Commission's recent regulations restricting job changing by male workers of draft age should help to prevent a panicky rush into civilian employment.

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THE MILITARY SITUATION IN CHINA REMAINS grave despite earlier reports that the Chinese had stalled the Japanese offensive. While the Chinese, ably supported by General Chennault's Fourteenth Air Force, have defended their positions stubbornly, the odds still favor the Japanese. At last report only 160 miles separated the main enemy column driving south from Hankow from the secondary force moving up from Canton. Henyang, though still holding out, seemed doomed. There remained, however, two possibilities of preventing a complete Japanese victory. The enemy appeared to have underestimated the striking power of the Fourteenth Air Force, and there was some hope that constant strafing of his supply lines might yet weaken him so seriously as to check his drive. Also there seemed to be some chance that a Chinese counter-drive northeast of Henyang would succeed in cutting the enemy's lines of communications, thus compelling a withdrawal. A Japanese failure at this stage would of course represent a major United Nations victory, since Tokyo has risked everything on the success of this venture. But although the upsetting of the Japanese time-table is encouraging, it is unsafe ground for optimism. The Japanese are still winning in China.

The Health Scandal

THE inadequacy of prevailing methods of medical and dental care has never been more clearly brought to public attention than in the reports on selective-service examinations submitted to the Senate Committee on Wartime Health and Education. These reports show that more than 4,100,000 of the 16,000,000 draft registrants examined were rejected because they did not measure up to service standards of physical or mental fitness. Still worse, they show that eight out of ten of the registrants had defects of one type or another, and that a large proportion of these defects could easily have been remedied. This was evident particularly in the case of teeth. Captain C. R. Wells of the United State Navy told the committee on the basis of his experience with selective service that 95 per cent of the American people have dental defects and that only 30 per cent of those in need of care are getting it. The army reported that it was working its dentists in eight-hour shifts, using three and a half times as much dental equipment as is normally used each year by the entire civilian population.

Bad though the situation is, it is somewhat difficult to evaluate in scientific terms. Just what proportion of the rejections were due to inborn defects or diseases which could not have been prevented by the best of medical care? We do not know the answer with any exactness. We find, however, that the rejection rate is higher in rural areas than in urban areas, and it is fairly clear that this is linked to the known inferiority of medical, dental, and hospital services in many country districts. Moreover, draft rejections were the highest in the Southeastern states, where incomes are lowest and medical facilities the least adequate. The army has tried to offset these conditions by admitting a limited number of men with remediable defects—such as venereal diseases, hernias, and bad teeth—but with its restricted facilities it cannot take more than a small fraction of such men.

Some light is thrown on this situation by another survey which measures the inadequacy of medical attention under private medicine as compared with a system of insurance. A study made in Nova Scotia by the Institute of Public Affairs at Dalhousie University, Halifax, discloses that families covered by medical insurance received 64 per cent more medical attention, in the form of doctors' calls, than a group of similar size in somewhat better economic circumstances but lacking insurance protection. Children between five and fifteen years of age in the families covered by insurance received three times as much care as those in families depending on the conventional fee system. Nor were the benefits confined to greater attention from the physicians. The insured families had twice as much in the way of drugs and medicines and four times as many dressings as the non-insured families.

The Senate committee would do well to weigh the findings of the Nova Scotia study while it is considering a program to remedy the shocking situation revealed by the selective-service authorities. Other factors, such as ignorance, carelessness, and youthful folly, doubtless account in part for the failure of the draft registrants to seek a cure for their physical ailments, but the lack of funds is the primary reason. The American Medical Association would have us believe that under the fee system the American people are getting as good attention as they could possibly get under any other system. This is explicitly disproved not only by the Nova Scotia survey but by the experience of our own army and navy in maintaining a health level far above that of the civilian population. If there is no financial obstacle, men and women will not normally neglect their health. What is more important, they will be quick to seek medical care for their children. General Hershey has suggested universal military training in peace time to provide the health service that our young men need but have not been receiving. Why not go to the root of the difficulty by extending the same type of medical care as is now provided in the army to the entire population?

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The People Want Wallace

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

BY THE time most readers see this issue much will be known that remains hidden as we go to press. Only a writer with the aplomb of an I. F. Stone can keep up with events by definitely announcing the renomination of Vice-President Wallace a week before the vote is taken. I trust he proves as good a prophet as he is a reporter. For myself, I am leaving for Chicago burdened with doubts; but I hope my report on the Democratic convention will be a solid confirmation of the preview provided this week by our Washington editor.

I know only this, as the politicians assemble in Chicago: if Wallace is not renominated, it will be because he is opposed by the back-room boys of the party, not because he has lost the support of the people. The politicians pretend, of course, that their opposition grows directly out of their profound knowledge of the desires of the voters, and one would think this should be the case. After all, to win votes for the party is a politician's chief job in election year. But this time the leaders of the anti-Wallace faction seem to be worrying about something else. They want to win, but apparently they believe they can do so on the popularity of the President alone, and consequently they are willing to forego whatever added strength Wallace might bring to the ticket. That they seriously think Wallace would weaken the ticket is not to be believed. Every test proclaims the contrary. But they do not want Wallace, and since they think they can get on without him they have invented the myth of his loss of favor with the public.

This myth can defeat him in Chicago if the President permits it to. Stone believes the President's letter will indicate such a strong desire for the Vice-President's renomination that it will serve as a directive to the convention. But if Mr. Roosevelt avoids, as he has been advised to do, the tone and language of dictation, the anti-Wallace forces will certainly make full use of the latitude allowed them. For they are interested in nominating Roosevelt—since his candidacy offers them their only chance of electing anybody—while severing as completely as possible his remaining links with the New Deal. This means ditching Wallace, for Wallace is the one remaining important symbol of democratic reform in the Roosevelt Administration.

The details of the maneuvers and the forces engaged against the Vice-President are reported fully in Mr. Stone's Washington letter. The degree to which those maneuvers fly in the face of the wishes of the voters is indicated with startling clarity by several recent polls. One of the most impressive was conducted in New York City during the last few days on the initiative of *The Nation* under the auspices of the Bureau of Applied Social Research at Columbia University and its results released this Monday.

Of the persons questioned, 54 per cent expressed an intention to vote for Roosevelt; 28 per cent for Dewey; 17 per cent were undecided. These proportions are about what one would expect from a cross-section of the voters in the city. Those registering for Roosevelt were given a list, alphabetically arranged, of proposed candidates for the Vice-Presidency and asked to indicate their preference. The results in percentages were as follows:

Barkley	7.8	Truman	1.1
Byrnes	2.0	Wallace	78.2
Douglas	.9	Winant	2.0
Rayburn	.4	No special preference	7.6

This proof of overwhelming popular support for the Vice-President is important for several reasons. New York is generally considered a doubtful state, and some of the President's advisers have been telling him that the presence of Wallace on the ticket will lessen his chances in a state in which no chances should be taken. The poll answers that argument as decisively as the most timid adviser could wish.

Just by way of comparison it is interesting to look at the results of the latest Gallup poll of Democratic sentiment on the Vice-Presidency. This sampling was for the entire country and a different selection of names was offered. The results were:

Wallace	64
Barclay	14
Byrd	6
All others	16

It is easy to see that, even with the South included, the preponderance in favor of Wallace is enormous.

The issue is clearly one between the politicians and the people. But the will of the people may not register in Chicago unless it is expressed in clear language by Mr. Roosevelt. The politicians are not interested in polls this time; they are interested in ending the era of New Deal reforms.

They are right in believing that the Democratic ticket will get the bulk of the liberal and labor and independent vote in general no matter who is the candidate for Vice-President. Mr. Roosevelt has, it is true, alienated many persons of progressive opinion by his concessions to the big-business crowd at home and by his ambiguous foreign policy. But such persons are not going to vote for Dewey. The danger is that they may not vote at all. If Wallace is rejected at Chicago, progressive Americans who vote for Mr. Roosevelt with misgivings or who stay at home will know that the Old Guard—North and South—has gained control of the party. It is to maintain his own leadership, as well as to assure the nomination of a liberal running-mate, that the President must throw his full strength behind Henry A. Wallace.

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The War Fronts

BY CHARLES G. BOLTE

Soldiers Aren't Supposed to Think

POLITICS and the United States army are traditionally oil and water." The banning of the books and magazines, the meager political coverage in army newspapers abroad, and the removal of Colonel Egbert White as publications officer in the Mediterranean theater underline this statement from a War Department pamphlet. These events are not without relation to the war fronts.

We have consistently attempted to fight a profoundly political war without mentioning the war's political bases. Naturally if one starts by banishing international politics from a war, one ends by banishing domestic politics. We are winning the war on all fronts, and neither political discussion nor lack of it will now delay the time-table of victory; but I wonder if many of our fighting men would not fight with better hearts and clearer heads if they were allowed to know the political score, both at home and abroad.

The American army is known abroad as the most politically naive in the world. Armies are traditionally unpolitical, but this most political of wars has changed that: see the revolutionary armies of Germany and Russia, the politically weakened French army, and the alert British army, particularly the Eighth, politically the keenest body of men I have ever known. Not so the American army, whose members are insulated by law from knowledge of the real world.

Army policy is not blameless in this, but neither does it carry the burden of blame. Recent directives of the Morale Services Division have been almost professionally progressive in sound: "The soldier must understand that today's war is but a part of the bigger war which man has been waging from time immemorial in order to win and preserve his freedom. . . . Let those who are cynical, pessimistic, or defeatist look into our past, and let them learn from Washington and Jefferson and Patrick Henry and Tom Paine and Sam Adams and Ben Franklin and Abe Lincoln. . . . All of this leads to a soldier who thinks—and that is the weapon which our enemies can never match."

The American soldier is actively discouraged from thinking. The Soldiers' Vote Act of 1944, as it is laughingly called, forbids the circulation by the military authorities of matter containing "political argument or political propaganda of any kind designed or calculated to affect the result of any election" for federal office. The law, barbed by a $1,000 fine or one year in jail, has overruled the army's directive, and the army, given always to strict interpretation, has decided that Mrs. Bowen's "Yankee from Olympus," "The Republic" (Beard's not Plato's—yet), Mari Sandoz's "Slogum House," and E. B. White's "One Man's Meat" (which includes an essay on the catarrhal trouble of Daniel Webster) are "designed or calculated," and therefore may not be circulated in the excellent Armed Services Editions of the Council on Books in Wartime. Moreover, the Army Orientation Services have decided that the act applies to its work and that there must be no attempt to influence political opinion in any of their courses.

The magazine and newspaper restrictions are more dangerous because less laughable. Under the act, and reinforced by a rather murky "survey" on "soldier preference," the army has banned from its establishments the *American Mercury, Harper's,* the *Atlantic Monthly,* the *New Republic,* and *The Nation.* Since more soldiers, like more civilians, read *Time, Life, Reader's Digest, Collier's,* and the *Saturday Evening Post,* these are circulated, though it might be demonstrated that some of them are rather more calculating and designing than the banned magazines.

The screws are applied also to army newspapers, as Colonel White found when he tried to obtain press-association coverage supplementing Army News Service, whose transmissions are limited by Signal Corps facilities and by the requirements of the small overseas newspapers for which it files. But Army News Service is undoubtedly cautious in its handling of the news, and the removal of this long-time champion of complete news coverage for the troops can hardly inspire confidence in the army's eagerness to make the best of a bad law.

Nevertheless, the fundamental point is that the law *is* bad. Its questionable section was sponsored by Senator Taft. The Soldiers' Vote Act applies for the duration plus six months, but this section, introduced as a rider to the Hatch (Clean Politics) act, is on the books indefinitely—which means that unless it is modified or repealed, the garrison of Fort Leavenworth won't be able to read the Bill of Rights in 1960.

Senator Taft now says the army "has badly misinterpreted both the letter and the spirit of the law," but when he spoke for his infamous rider he declared, "in case of doubt, throw it out"; and added that Congress would keep an eye on the army's interpretation. The Senator, "whose record in understanding what is going

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to happen," says Mr. Lippmann, "is not distinguished," has apparently discovered that the army is now keeping its eye on Senator Taft: many soldiers blame the Republicans for this fantastic censorship. This might explain his sudden disclaimer.

The only salvation, for the army and for the Senator, is repeal of the rider. To quote again from the War Department pamphlet: "Let the American soldier have the truth to think about; it is good enough to keep him a good soldier and a devoted citizen."

Henry Wallace—a Great American

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, July 14

I HAVE checked and verified the Washington *Post* report that party leaders met with the President at dinner in the White House last Tuesday night and "ganged up" on Wallace. I can also report that with this dinner conference the anti-Wallace bloc shot its bolt and that it will be Wallace at Chicago. The politician-lobbyists, the municipal bosses, the right-wing Democrats, at least one timid White House adviser, and a whole covey of phony liberals have had their say, and it has not moved the President. Mr. Roosevelt made clear to all of them what he had previously told Ed Flynn of New York. He does not want a man over sixty as his running mate—which disposes of several aged hopefuls. He does not want a routine politician—which disposes of several more. He wants Henry A. Wallace of Iowa—which disposes of the rest of them. Wallace it will be.

The big interests of this country do not want Wallace, and they are well equipped with mouthpieces in the Democratic Party. Two of the more obvious were at the White House dinner. One is Oscar R. Ewing. Ewing is vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee and also general counsel and principal Washington lobbyist for the Aluminum Company of America. Alcoa fears Wallace's anti-monopolistic views. Another is Edwin J. Pauley. Pauley is treasurer of the Democratic National Committee. He is an "independent" California oil operator who is curiously fraternal with the big oil companies, notably Standard of California, his principal competitor. The Standard Oil crowd hate Wallace for his anti-cartel views.

The "practical" politicians were there to reinforce these views with figures. They said Wallace would cost the ticket from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000 votes. Robert E. Hannegan, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and most members of the committee have been part of the anti-Wallace bloc from the beginning. Their efforts broke on the rock of Mr. Roosevelt's "Dutch" stubbornness. The President, who has been prepared to compromise on many things, will not compromise on the choice of the man who might become his successor. From several sources in excellent position to know his mind, I can report that the President feels that only with Wallace in office as Vice-President can he be sure that his great objectives at home and abroad will be pursued.

At least two high Administration figures went to see Wallace on his return from the Far East to ask him to withdraw. One was Judge Samuel M. Rosenman, who usually turns up on the rightist side of the fence in intra-Administration controversies. The other was Secretary of the Interior Ickes. Ickes has two links with the anti-Wallace forces. He is an old buddy of Pauley's, and he picked Ralph Davies of Standard of California as oil administrator partly on Pauley's recommendation. Ickes has been close to the oil trust and the oil trust hates Wallace. Both Ickes and Rosenman also have always been close to Tom Corcoran, who has been boosting Douglas as his first choice and Rayburn of Texas as his second choice against Wallace. As a leading figure in Sterling Drug, a company which was a long-time ally of I. G. Farben before the war and may be so again after it, Corcoran has a stake in revival of the cartel system Wallace has fought.

The weakness of the anti-Wallace bloc in 1940 was its failure to get together on a single candidate. This failure reflected the bloc's underestimate of Wallace's strength. The same weakness is apparent this time. Corcoran has tried in some degree to correct it by an alliance with the forces behind Rayburn, and at one time the Douglas crowd and the Rayburn crowd were prepared to swing over at Chicago to whichever of their respective candidates seemed the stronger. A grotesque incident in the annals of this alliance was Corcoran's effort to get Josephus Daniels to sign an article Corcoran had prepared extolling Rayburn. Daniels indignantly declined to serve as a stooge, and it looks now as though neither Douglas nor Rayburn will cut much of a figure at Chicago.

The chief hopes of the big-business crowd fighting Wallace have been centered on Barkley, and utility interests in New York are said to have used their affiliates out in the country (1) to drum up support for

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Barkley and (2) to titillate several state governors with the hint that if Wallace can be stopped maybe the lightning will strike them. Georgia Power and Light spokesmen, for example, "contacted" Governor Arnall of Georgia, but unsuccessfully. Similar overtures and soundings have been made by utility interests in Oklahoma, New Mexico, Chicago, and Jersey City. That they have failed is indicated by Hague's statement that he will support anybody the President wants for Vice-President and also by Senator Truman's statement that he does not want the nomination.

The anti-Wallace forces have been skilful in using the press, but unfortunately for them the President and not the press will decide the nomination. For several weeks the Douglas forces have tried to get leading labor leaders to indicate that they would support Douglas if they could not get Wallace. R. J. Thomas of the automobile workers was one of those approached, also unsuccessfully. Even the night before the joint Murray-Hillman press conference, some newspapermen fell for the report that the C. I. O. was considering a second choice in the event that Wallace could not be nominated. Ickes telephoned Hillman in an effort to get the Political Action chief to name an alternative. All that failed with Murray's statement, fully backed by Hillman, "We have no other choice and we're not doing any trading."

The argument that Wallace will lose the party votes is being combated here by two important groups. One is the C. I. O. and the other the Negroes. The C. I. O. has advanced the view that in several key Northern states, notably New York, the presence of Wallace on the ticket will increase enthusiasm and make it possible to get out a larger vote. I think the argument is a sound one, and I think that if Wallace loses the ticket any votes it will be largely in areas, such as the South, that Roosevelt will carry anyway.

The South's bargaining power has largely been destroyed by the strong position taken in the Republican platform on the FEPC, lynching, discrimination in the armed forces, and the poll tax. Talk of a coalition between the Republicans and the right-wing Southern Democrats proved the idlest kind of speculation at the Republican National Convention, and no one there ever took the rumor of a Dewey-Byrd ticket seriously. Disgruntled Democrats in the South cannot affect the outcome in November, but the Negro vote might easily prove decisive. The convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People in Chicago Sunday night is expected to indorse Wallace strongly, and his nomination might solve a leading Democratic problem. The party can weasel or keep silent on the Negro question in the platform, thus placating the Southerners, and still carry the bulk of the Negro vote by renominating Wallace. For Roosevelt and Wallace provide a better guaranty of better treatment for the Negro than any promises in the Republican platform.

For a day or so the anti-Wallace forces thought they had won something of a victory when the President announced that he would run without making Wallace's nomination a condition as he did in 1940. That belief was dissipated on reflection. The President could not say, "If the people command me . . . I have as little right to withdraw as the soldier has to leave his post in the line," and then say that he would not run unless he had Wallace as his running mate. Those who know what the President has been thinking know that the key to his stand for Wallace is in the second paragraph from the end of his letter to Hannegan. The President wants as a possible successor a man who will carry on the objectives he set in that letter, the objectives of a permanent peace abroad and full employment and a higher standard of living at home. To Roosevelt, as to millions of Americans, that spells Wallace.

May I be permitted to cast my own vote on the eve of this historic decision? I have met and talked with the Vice-President, and in recent weeks I have questioned many people who have been associated with him in the Department of Agriculture and in the Board of Economic Warfare. I have been reading the newly published collection of his past speeches and articles in "Democracy Reborn." I think I have a good picture of his weaknesses and of his strength. He has not Mr. Roosevelt's robust human qualities or his extraordinary capacity for politics. He is not always wise in his judgment of people. He is shy and does not always "go over" with audiences. But he is extraordinary in his honesty, especially his honesty with himself, in his understanding of man and history, and in his vision.

Like Roosevelt, Wallace grew to wider understanding in Washington. But like Roosevelt, too, he compromised when the forces against him proved too strong, as in the famous purge of Jerome Frank, Lee Pressman, and Gardner Jackson in 1935 under pressure from the milk trust, the planters, and the packers. Like Roosevelt, he is not a revolutionist but a democratic leader trying within the limits of political possibility to correct the economic evils of our society and to help its underprivileged. He offers the kind of leadership that alone holds out hope of peaceful and gradual reform in our society, of the achievement of security and employment by combined private and governmental action. In a time of crisis, such as we may encounter after the war, he would acquit himself with greatness. Few people understand the problems of our society and of the world so well, and few have his broad humanity, his tolerance, his concern for people, few that genuine personal saintliness that is Wallace's. I think we may count our country fortunate in having in a single generation two leaders of the stature and vision of Franklin D. Roosevelt and Henry A. Wallace.

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The Uses of Air Power

BY JOHN R. CUNEO

THE difficulty of an invasion of Europe against the opposition of a nation situated like Germany can scarcely be exaggerated. With its interior lines of operation and excellent land communications Germany might have been able to concentrate an overwhelmingly superior force at any invasion point. It was the aim of the Allied air force to negate those advantages.

The first requirement was appreciably to reduce Germany's entire war potential. This was the mission of the strategic air forces stationed in Great Britain. "Strategic" air forces do not usually pave the way for a surface offensive. By official definition their aim is "the defeat of the enemy nation." However, their failure to accomplish this turned their bombing into an effort to spare the invasion forces a "blood bath" on the beaches.

The question arises whether the strategic air forces should now be converted into tactical air forces—that is, air forces cooperating with ground troops directly against the enemy armies. The fear has, in fact, been expressed that, once the invasion was started, General Eisenhower would insist on all available air strength being used in support of his ground forces. No criticism of the General is implied in this; similar fears are as old as strategic bombing. For example, during discussions in September, 1918, about the formation of an inter-Allied bombing force, Marshal Foch proposed to reserve the right to use all or a part of such a force in the ground battle. Whereupon the British Air Staff prepared to recommend to its government the withdrawal of its long-range bombing squadrons to England in order to preserve their independence.

No reason exists why there should be any conversion of one type of air force into another. The strategic air forces can easily be joined with the tactical air forces and assigned to tactical objectives when support for ground action is vital. This had to be done at the time of the invasion because it was imperative to gain a foothold on the beaches. In such an emergency the front lines are not affected quickly enough by injuries inflicted by normal strategic missions.

Simultaneously with blows at the German war potential the air arm carries on the fight for aerial supremacy. This is the task of both the strategic and the tactical air force. Air supremacy is the first requirement for success in any surface operation—land, sea, or amphibious. Its importance has been clearly recognized only during the present war, though a realistic study of the First World War would have revealed it. In fact, General von Bülow wrote in a memorandum issued on January 30, 1917, "The struggle for supremacy in the air must therefore precede the artillery battle" ("Experiences of the German 1st Army in the Somme Battle"). The artillery, of course, opens the surface phase of the battle.

"Air supremacy" is a glib phrase often misunderstood. Basically it signifies a state of moral, physical, and material superiority which enables its possessors to conduct at will operations against the enemy both in the air and on the earth's surface. It is not necessarily possessed by the side which destroys the greatest number of airplanes. It does not necessarily totally deny to the enemy a place in the air. The opportunities for evasion in the cubic area of the aerial battlefields make that impossible as long as the enemy has any air strength. For instance, Allied air superiority could not prevent the disastrous German air raid on the port of Bari on December 2, 1943, but this isolated failure was no contradiction of the Allied claim of aerial supremacy.

Air supremacy is gained by a variety of means. First a fighter defense and offense must be established—including, besides aircraft, a ground warning service. Both the strategic and the tactical air force contain fighter as well as bombing craft. Victories in aerial combat are supplemented by raids on enemy air bases. The blows of the strategic air forces at German aircraft factories and oil fields are to the same end. These attacks not only destroy the enemy's air strength but compel him to divert his aircraft to defensive missions. Obliged to parcel them out in order to cover all possible areas, he loses the advantage of a massed air offensive.

In February, 1944, the fight for aerial supremacy mounted toward a climax. From that date on the Allies made a concerted all-out attempt to destroy both the German aircraft industry and the defending German aircraft.

After aerial supremacy is gained, the third phase of aerial preparation for a great operation such as the invasion begins—the isolation of the battlefield. This is principally the function of the tactical air force, although if necessary the strategic air force can cooperate. Isolation of the battlefield means preventing the enemy from moving troops and supplies into or within the theater of operations. It can be accomplished by disrupting his lines of communication, destroying his supply dumps and other installations, and attacking his troop concentrations in rear areas. The denial of food, ammunition, and

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reinforcements "softens up" the enemy for the attacking ground troops.

Attention should be directed to the words "disrupting lines of communication." Despite the tremendous development of modern bombing it is apparently still true that air attacks cannot sever rail communications for any great length of time. Their object is rather to cause disorganization. Rail traffic depends on everything working smoothly; congestion is easily created and hard to clear. Highways are even more difficult to block than railroads, and disruption again is the aim.

Since sufficient artillery cannot be landed in the early stages of an invasion, aerial bombing is used to soften up military installations on the coast. (Naval batteries are probably more effective, but they cannot be brought to bear in large enough numbers to make up for the missing artillery.) This is probably the least successful employment of the air weapon. The ability of modern fortifications to withstand bombardment is astounding, as was demonstrated by the bombing of Cassino on March 15, 1944. Once the invasion army has established its beachhead and can bring in the necessary artillery, the air forces can make their most effective contribution by attending to missions beyond the battle zones.

By accomplishing these various tasks the Allied air forces denied to Germany the advantages of its interior position. The invasion fleet could then sail. At that moment the tactical air force assumed another task—collaboration with surface troops.

There should be no such thing as an "air umbrella," though the fighting men on the ground as far back as 1915 demanded this protective roof. The Allies first recognized the fallacy of the conception. In a series of conferences in the fall of 1915 between General Trenchard of the Royal Flying Corps and Commandant du Peuty of the French air service it was agreed that airplanes could not be set to patrolling a beat, like policemen, over ground forces. The Germans saw the error of attempting it during the battles on the Somme in 1916. The airplane is an offensive weapon and to be used effectively must be employed on offensive missions. It accomplishes nothing by circling over the heads of invasion barges or infantry on beaches. Air "protection" is furnished by striking at enemy air bases and supply centers far behind the battle lines.

When the tactical air forces attack selected objectives in the battle area, they must be in close coordination with the ground forces. Information and orders must be constant, clear, and definite. Airmen in the heat of action sweeping near the ground at terrific speeds cannot be expected to gain a clear idea of the battle situation. If the teamwork is not perfect, they are likely to expend their energies and perhaps their lives on targets of minor importance.

As the invasion of France turns into a land offensive we shall probably find the strategic air forces returning to their blows at Germany's war potential, all forces trying to maintain aerial supremacy, and the tactical air forces engaged in isolating the battlefield and answering emergency requests for assistance by hard-pressed infantry units.

What is the counter-action of the German air force? Compelled to turn to fighter aircraft for defense purposes, Germany is unable to employ bombers to force the Allies on the defensive. The robot bombs to some extent are serving as a substitute. Tons of bombs have been dropped on the rocket coast, and airplanes have been set to chasing the robots—a welcome diversion to the Germans. The proportions of this diversion seem minor at present, although they may very possibly increase.

The Germans seem to have decided to hold back their air strength either for the defense of the homeland—as the British did in 1940—or in anticipation of other landings. Reduced as it may be, we must always remember that it can be assembled in force over any particular sector in which the decisive action may seem to be developing.

In World War I the Germans were brilliant in their recognition of the possibilities of the air weapon in this respect. Although far inferior in total air strength to the Allies, they managed to give battle in the air over the decisive sectors up to the last. For example, in March, 1918, when the great German offensive was launched, the German army had a total of 1,264 airplanes along the front from Switzerland to the sea. On the front of attack 724 planes were concentrated—approximately 57 per cent. The rest were spread thin along the other fronts. Post-war German field-service regulations flatly stated that formations not taking part in the decisive battle must dispense with aircraft.

To counter Allied air action, the Germans must accept battle for air supremacy. Without air supremacy no move of a major character can succeed in modern warfare. It is the keystone of all operations.

Space has limited this discussion to the combat functions of the air forces. The missions of other units, such as reconnaissance aviation, coastal patrol, and the troop-carrier commands, should not, however, be overlooked. They are an essential part of the pattern of an invasion.

In invasion operations as in any offensive of surface forces, the air weapon is a member of a team seeking to defeat the enemy's armed forces. There is no question of victory through air power: the limitations of the air weapon are recognized, and it is assigned only the roles in which its unique power can be best employed. Yet if it is not the only cog on the wheel of the war machine, it is one without which the invasion could never have been set in motion.

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He Fields Ohio's Hot Ones

BY KARL KEYERLEBER

Cleveland, July 13

THE biggest man in Ohio politics today, the despair of the boys in the back room but the idol of the voters, is the strapping son of a Slovenian steelworker. If some future Hoyle codifies the rules of the political game, it will probably be found that Mayor Frank J. Lausche of Cleveland has broken every one of them. His most recent performance was to enter the Democratic primary as a candidate for governor just a week before the deadline for filing petitions, without the support of his home-county organization and with a campaign chest as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Last man to the starting-line in a five-man race, he polled more votes in his first state-wide campaign than all four of his opponents together.

Next November Lausche will be opposed by Cincinnati's Mayor James Garfield Stewart, no mean vote-getter himself. Stewart is the man who made the gesture of nominating Governor Bricker for President at the Republican convention in Chicago.

Although the trend in Ohio as in the nation has been Republican, Lausche is regarded around here as a nice bet to reverse it. Clevelanders may be prejudiced, but there is solid ground for the belief that he will win the governorship. Lausche has shown a rare gift for gathering votes from well-tilled G. O. P. fields. He left the Court of Common Pleas to run for mayor in 1941—literally by popular demand and with the support of all three Cleveland newspapers—and won this Republican stronghold's highest executive post by 50,000 votes, the biggest majority ever recorded here. Last year Lausche was reelected by 67,000 votes—to become the city's first Democratic mayor to serve two terms in thirty years.

Lausche is a big, rugged man with a mop of curly black hair which seldom knows the restraint of a hat. He has been called Lincolnesque by admirers, though he has none of the Emancipator's gauntness. What makes the voters go for him?

An incident in the primary jockeying is illuminating. Lausche was invited to Columbus, the state capital, to be looked over by the powerful Franklin County Democratic Central Committee. Gatherings of this kind often have the atmosphere of Alumni Day on the campus, with the "party" substituting for Alma Mater. One might expect some stress on the need for being a good Democrat, some talk of spoils. Lausche told the committeemen: "As governor my sole objective will be to render justice to all of the people of Ohio. In this troublesome, perilous time we must be Americans first and Democrats second." Pretty corny, thought several committeemen; that stuff ought to be saved for the voters. They settled back, drew on their cigars, and waited for this big guy to bid for their support. But Lausche didn't butter anybody up. He promised no jobs. He would welcome the committee's support, but they would have to take him on his own terms.

When they had recovered from their astonishment, the committeemen took a vote. They passed up a home-town candidate and indorsed Lausche. Once more the Cleveland mayor had shown an amazing ability to sell himself. He does it in party halls, in coal mines, and at the Chamber of Commerce. His strength crosses party and class lines. It was whispered when he launched his belated campaign that some of the backing came from Republican business men. He has also been called the candidate of the C. I. O., whose indorsement he received in the primary. He is considered the most democratic mayor Cleveland has had since Tom L. Johnson, whose statue was set up in a public square.

Politically, Lausche is a little to the right of the early New Deal but to the left of the position lately taken by President Roosevelt (the distinction is mine, not Lausche's). What he thinks of the New Deal's chief architect he revealed in a recent speech: "Under Roosevelt America has taken on a social vision that it never had before. The problems of the aged, the blind, the healthy man who was unable to find work in depression times, the problem of the farmer who was in danger at times of losing his property because of falling food prices—all these were given greater recognition under him than ever before in history. Many of the things he did are bound to make for a better America."

Lausche, who came up from the other side of the railroad tracks, shares Roosevelt's social vision. But he has never called anybody an economic royalist, and while he believes that social-security laws are here to stay and "in all probability will be further extended," he is all for using the soft pedal on government interference. He once defined a "free-enterprise" economy as meaning "free from compulsory labor, free from exploitation by employers, unregulated monopolies, or arbitrary public authority."

As a judge Lausche gained a reputation for being fearless, liberal, and humane—and once his mind was made up, intensely stubborn. He used to sweat over decisions. He still sweats to clarify his thinking on big

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issues. On the subject of a lasting peace, he believes that there must be some world organization "able to deal decisively with those nations which harbor ambitions for world domination and enslavement of little nations." He is certain the government will have to act as a stout backstop for private enterprise to keep up employment in the post-war years, but he gives you the impression that he definitely does not think the government should at the same time do all the pitching and play the outfield, too. On the other hand, he sees the trend toward big government as inevitable and has little patience with arguments over states' rights. He recalls that a lot of Ohio Republicans who argue about them today paid no attention to the protests of Ohio communities when the state usurped local authority.

A crack ball player, Lausche turned down a professional career in favor of the law: "I took the long view; a baseball career is short." As third baseman, Lausche once set a world record for plays at one base by handling nineteen chances in a sandlot game. He still handles everything that comes his way and still takes the long view. When he was on the bench, fellow-judges used to funnel all the tough labor cases his way—for city judges are elected, and everybody knows that a ticklish labor case is likely to cost votes no matter how you decide it. Well-meaning advisers tipped off the earnest Lausche that he was being taken for a ride, but he continued to field all the tough ones.

As mayor, he scooped up another tough one last fall. Shortly before the November election craftsmen employed by the city were demanding pay raises. Lausche thought that their claims were unjustified. He was warned that if he fought it out he would be committing political suicide; he should temporize, or pass the buck to the Council. But he stood by his convictions and let political expediency go hang. If he lost votes, nobody could point to them in the subsequent landslide.

More than on anything else Lausche's strength today rests on his record as a war mayor. It is an unspectacular record, which is a way of saying that he has headed off trouble before it broke. Before the Office of Defense Transportation was organized in Washington he had created a special War Transportation Committee and taken the lead in staggering working hours and promoting ride-sharing. He formed the Mayor's War Production Committee, forerunner of the War Production Board's labor-management committees. "We didn't try to settle the disputes," he said. "We aimed to keep the men working until regular machinery could handle the disputes." He set up a committee to deal with community health which became a national model. And he set up a committee to iron out racial problems. Cleveland, with all the potentialities for trouble that elsewhere have flared into ugly blots on the nation's war record, has had no race trouble and not one prolonged strike.

Strangely enough, one of Lausche's most vexing problems has been his relations with the city's own employees. Cleveland had a brief transit strike and almost had a second. Though he won a reputation as a friend of labor when he was on the bench, the Mayor has been frequently embroiled in disputes with unions representing city workers. In this he is to some extent the victim of circumstances, since he has been obliged to refuse wage demands that outstripped city revenue.

In the Ohio primary Lausche was thought to have White House backing. This may be putting it mildly; it has been said that he was drafted by the Administration to strengthen the Democrats' hand. However that may be, there are many who believe that this rugged, outspoken man has made a good start on the road that leads to high places.

25 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THE *ILLUSTRATED DAILY NEWS*, the rather mysterious new newspaper which appeared in New York last week, does not represent an original departure in American journalism. Tabloid in form, it is the second newspaper of that size which has made its bow before the metropolitan public; and as for illustrated dailies, the *Graphic* figures in the memory of more than one New York boyhood. Neither of these precedents yields any prospect of commercial success for the present venture, which starts off, however, with considerable advertising, cheap pictures, and cheaper paper. —*July 5, 1919.*

FOR OURSELVES WE HAVE TODAY only pity for the weak, compromising, morally defeated man who returned from Paris on Tuesday. . . . No amount of self-deception, no amount of beautiful language and imagery can hide the truth that those liberals who most warmly welcomed his Fourteen Points and fought for them tooth and nail are today disillusioned, disheartened, discouraged, because, after all his promises to the plain people of Europe, Mr. Wilson did not, when the final showdown came, appeal over the heads of the men who euchred him on every trick.—*July 12, 1919.*

THE ALLIES HAVE ACTED PROMPTLY in lifting the German blockade after the formal notification of the ratification of the treaty by the Weimar Assembly, and a wild rush is on by the Allies and America to get the larger share of the trade with Germany—and yet it is only a few months ago that many of the leading firms in New York and London were hanging out signs announcing that they would never do business again with the Huns. Already a New York bank has announced that it will open a branch in Berlin without loss of time, and we hear of many private firms that are extending generous credits to former German customers. This is altogether gratifying and was to be expected in view of the artificial nature of much of the hatred deliberately created for war purposes.—*July 19, 1919.*

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The Class of 1944

BY ORDWAY TEAD

I HAVE spoken this spring at several commencements at both colleges and secondary schools. I have met the graduates; I have talked to the teachers. I have tried to take the responsibility seriously and not offer pollyanna truisms or make pleas for impossible challenges. And I have tried—often with a lump in my throat—not to be too oppressively somber about it. Nor are these commencements the only occasion of my contact with this age group.

I have come through it all with a fairly unified impression—about the young people and about the process they have been exposed to. By and large they are a fine bunch of youngsters. The notion that they are "soft," disorganized, frustrated, or discouraged just isn't so. Those are middle-aged judgments read into conduct and appearances which are no doubt different from those of a few years back and which often have a touch of bravado, of whistling to keep one's courage up. The oldsters too often impute their own state of mind to the young, forgetting that this graduating class had no experience of the First World War, never knew the follies of the twenties or the dejections of the thirties. Young people accept, for better or for worse, the world as they find it today.

This means they are realists who tend to be what William James called tough-minded. They have wonder and genuine humility, but they are not glib verbalizers about their feelings. They are curious and inquiring—reserved and puzzled perhaps, but not enough to let it dampen a good healthy animal delight in being alive and being aware of the other sex. In sheer honesty and straightforwardness they have the older generation put to shame, although "shame" is a trait many are all but innocent of in its literal physical sense. Their total attack on life is robust and spontaneous. They ask for no special sympathy; they ask rather not to be "kidded," and to be shown where and how to get at some job which they can *do*. Give us this day our daily activities which make some sense to us—is the unsaid but prevalent prayer.

I say sincerely that they are a better lot than in a certain sense we deserve, we who have fumbled and bungled and rationalized through the last quarter-century. To what is this due? Whence this unearned increment of psychic vigor?

I do not know the answer beyond affirming that with all our educational confusions I am sure we are doing a better job on the whole than was done on us in the formal educational process. I think I know something of present shortcomings in the schools and colleges, public and private alike. But the fact remains that some gains have been made. And they are these. We are getting beyond pure "book learning." Music and dramatics, student assemblies and war efforts, more planned social occasions for boys and girls together—all these help. Summer activities which are educational in a broad way are consciously sought. While the improvement is by no means universal, there are more equal, more friendly relations with Negro and Jewish students than existed a few years ago. The young people are less race conscious and less creed and color conscious than their elders. And on the whole the teachers are more liberally disposed in these matters than the parents. I remember well one head mistress of a swanky school who talked practically all through dinner of her frustrated effort to enroll several Negro students. And I have seen mothers become distinctly unpleasant in trying to argue their daughters out of selecting a Jewish girl as a roommate.

Our effort to educate the whole man is no longer a matter of lip-service, however far we may still be from the goal. The emotional and physical aspects are getting more attention; we emphasize a better diet—despite the prevalence of "cokes," hot dogs, and cigarettes. On the whole, also, teachers are more companionable and less stand-offish with students; a cooperative attitude is now prized above a domineering or aloof one.

As a constantly vocal critic of education, I am not forgetting other aspects of the picture. As important as any is the equivocal attitude of many conscientious middle-class parents toward the schools, their practice of shipping their offspring off to private schools from the age of ten or twelve. Without doubt there has been a syphoning off of responsible concern with the prob-

Order in Spain

[The following paragraphs are taken from a recent letter to Franco's Minister of War, General Asensio, by José Maria Gil Robles, leader of the extreme rightist Catholic faction, now in Lisbon. The testimony of Gil Robles is the more impressive since he was himself responsible, as Minister of War in 1935, for the brutal repression of the uprising in the Asturias.]

But let us be sincere. In many provinces we are living practically under anarchy: attacks on farms, robberies, banditry, owners unable to visit their properties, travelers being kidnapped.

It is my absolute conviction that in this case the victor [Franco] will never have peace, especially since the vanquished are convinced that they will become victors themselves through the help of the entire world. The authorities may multiply the formation of armed forces; they may shoot people by the hundreds. Nothing will be achieved.

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lems of public education. Influential and educated parents in many communities go on the boards of private schools and leave public education to the politicians.

Again, one is depressed by the age of the members of educational bodies, both public and private. I will hazard the guess that whether it is a school committee or a college board of trustees, the average age of the incumbents would stack up to between sixty and sixty-five years. This means that these worthies had their own school experience in the '80's and '90's, and educational theory and practice have radically changed since then.

To teach typical school boards that yesterday's "frills" are today's essentials is a slow task. To convince them that good education costs more than we spend, that higher salaries are necessary to attract stronger persons as teachers, is often a difficult task for school administrators—especially when property-owning friends want the tax rate kept down. We still prefer capital outlays to better salaries, equipment, and books.

The members of the class of 1944 have a lot to learn. It isn't a world of their making. But they are moving into it with surprising confidence and verve. What it all says to me is that the schools and colleges deserve better and always better at our hands—more informed and sustained citizen oversight of the public teaching effort, more carefully selected teachers, and bigger budgets to foot the necessarily high cost of going beyond "book learning" to active experience learning.

Coming in *The Nation*

MOHANDAS K. GANDHI'S proposal to break the Indian communal deadlock by partitioning India into Moslem and Hindu states has been followed by a pledge not to renew the campaign of civil disobedience during the war but to help in the Allied war effort. Louis Fischer, whose first-hand account of conversations with Gandhi appeared in *The Nation* shortly after the Cripps mission, will discuss the full significance of these latest sensational developments in the coming issue.

LIEUTENANT JEROME H. SPINGARN, home on leave after a year and a half in the South Pacific, discussed with members of *The Nation's* staff the problem that front-line soldiers, sailors, and marines face in their isolation from news and topics of interest on the home front. At our suggestion, he has outlined the critical situation in an article that will appear soon.

THE SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE of television is the subject of an enlightening story told by Alan Barth of the Washington *Post*. *The Nation* will carry it soon.

In the Wind

THE NEW JERSEY REPUBLICAN Finance Committee is sending out a form letter to its rank and file, seeking funds for the 1944 campaign. The committee is embarrassed by the circumstances which have made such an appeal necessary. "Twelve years of the New Deal," the letter says, "has leveled fortunes; therefore the former large contributors no longer write large checks. We must now look to thousands of contributors for sufficient financial support."

EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRACY: The K. O. Lee Company of South Dakota, manufacturers of machine tools, is writing to the firms with which it has done business advising them that "the management of every business has a great opportunity for carrying on an educational program among its employees by weekly or semi-monthly inclosures in pay envelopes." The company suggests that the Committee for Constitutional Government, or other sources, will provide firms with suitable envelope stuffers on the "fallacies of the New Deal." The K. O. Lee Company, of course, has acted. It is stuffing envelopes of employees with "New Deal and Diocletian," a speech delivered by Clayton Rand before the Rotary Club of Gulfport, Mississippi.

DURING THE RECENT HEARING on the new Price Control Act, *Printer's Ink* reports, Representative Taber was going through the OPA pay roll, item by item. He showed considerable distress when he discovered that a $75-a-week newspaper reporter was listed as receiving $6,000 a year. Turning to James F. Brownlee, senior deputy administrator, Mr. Taber said, "I see that you are getting $8,000 a year. Do you mind telling us how much you got before you came here?" Mr. Brownlee, a former executive of General Foods and Frankfort Distillers, modestly admitted that he had been forced to worry along on $125,000 a year. Whereupon Mr. Taber lost all interest in the pay roll.

SLIGHT-EXAGGERATION DEPARTMENT: Technocracy, Inc., tells us that for the first time in history "technology has made it possible to be utterly ruthless." The Flying Wing, super-bomber designed and proposed by Technocracy, Inc., could drop 275,000 tons of bombs in one single raid of 5,500 planes! It has a wing spread of 330 feet and can carry fifty tons of bombs for 6,000 miles and return without refueling. (The largest bomb load of Allied planes is reported to be eight tons, and the longest tactical range 2,000 to 2,500 miles. The colossal B-29 has a wing spread of 141 feet.)

FESTUNG EUROPA: Vacations have been prohibited in all Nazi-controlled war industries in Norway, and Nazi-controlled newspapers have been forbidden to publish anything that might lead workers to want a vacation. Workers who take a vacation face a court-martial.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Japan's Puppet Show

BY SELDEN C. MENEFEE

THE Japanese have long since surpassed the Nazis in the science of manipulating Quislings. They have established some form of collaborationist government—under strict Japanese control, of course—in every country of occupied Asia. At present, however, the whole puppet show is coming unstrung.

Japan has not only been relatively successful at this hypocritical game in the past, but was the first to play it. Korea was annexed in 1910, and with considerable finesse for those times. The Japanese ambassador in Seoul hired a band of assassins to kill the Korean queen, after which the younger of the two princes royal, Yi Eum (called Gin Ri by the Japanese), was pressed into marriage with a Japanese princess. The crown prince, Yi Ewa, is still a prisoner in Korea, and Japan may try to make a puppet king of him when the war is plainly lost.

In Manchuria Henry Pu Yi, last of the Manchu dynasty, was held in Tientsin until he was made "Emperor of Manchoukuo" in 1933. Like Yi Eum, he is only window dressing; the real Japanese Quislings in Manchuria are General Chang Ching-hui, who is now Premier, and the Japanese-educated Dr. Chao Hsin-po, now president of the Legislative Yuan. There has been little news of opposition to Japan in Manchuria, although guerrilla resistance still persists in some areas.

In sections of Asia occupied since 1937 the Japanese puppets are having more trouble. As it becomes plain that Japan must lose the war sooner or later, rumblings are heard in every part of eastern Asia. Last year the task of cajoling or forcing the native peoples into line for intensified Japanese exploitation was intrusted to a "Greater East Asia Ministry" in the Tojo government. In November six of the leading puppets or their representatives were summoned to Tokyo for a "Greater East Asia Conference." But despite all Japan's efforts, its prestige has been steadily declining as a result of official arrogance, economic chaos in occupied Asia, and Allied victories in the Pacific.

In China the Japanese have had high hopes of their puppet Premier of the Nanking government, Wang Ching-wei. He and Chiang Kai-shek, after all, are the two ranking disciples of Dr. Sun Yat-sen. Apparently Wang was induced to make peace with the enemy by his jealousy or distrust of Chiang, his hatred of the Chinese Communists, and his belief in Dr. Sun's pan-Asian doctrine. After many initial blunders, such as the Nanking orgy, the Japanese have tried to rally the Chinese people behind Wang by a policy of superficial appeasement. They have given him nominal control of the puppet states in North China, surrendered their extraterritorial rights in Shanghai, and turned over to the Nanking regime nearly every right save that of taxing the Japanese. Early this month they put Wang's government in control of six important public utilities which had been run by the Japanese military throughout the occupied period. Currently Tokyo claims that in the campaign to capture the Hankow-Canton railroad Japanese troops have been given strict orders not to rape or loot or to destroy crops needlessly.

All this, however, comes too late. The Chinese regulars and guerrillas fight on. And now Wang Ching-wei, who is sixty-one years old, is seriously ill. An operation to remove an assassin's bullet fired early in the war was unsuccessful, and last March Wang was moved to Tokyo for other operations. So far as is known he is still there. If he dies, it will be impossible to replace him.

In the Philippines a number of politicians have gone over to the Japanese. Chief among them is José Laurel, head of the puppet Philippine government which received paper "independence" last October. A former Yale Law School honor student, Laurel was Secretary of the Interior in the pre-war Commonwealth government. He had made pro-Japanese and anti-American statements before Pearl Harbor and had been accused of accepting bribes for facilitating the settlement of Japanese around Davao, the enemy's secret base on Mindanao. A year ago he was the target of a would-be assassin's bullet.

The most pro-Japanese of the Filipino collaborationists is Benigno Aquino, director general of the fascist Kalibapi, the single political party, and speaker of the puppet assembly. If he had not been so obviously pro-Japanese, Aquino might have been chosen for the top Quisling job. Both he and Laurel have been decorated by the Japanese, who may be trying to play one against the other. Both men have sons married to Japanese girls.

Some other prominent men collaborating with the enemy may be doing so either because they have no choice or because they want to extract concessions from the Japanese. Jorge Vargas, President Quezon's secretary, who was reported to have been left behind to keep order when the Japanese arrived, was made mayor of Manila and then chairman of the provisional government until superseded by Laurel. Later he was named "ambassador" to Japan. Manuel Roxas, a Filipino gen-

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eral who held out with the guerrillas on Mindanao for more than a year after the fall of Corregidor, signed the Japanese-sponsored Philippine constitution immediately after his capture, apparently under duress. Six months later he emerged from "retirement due to ill health" to become head of the economic planning board and take charge of rice distribution in the famine-stricken areas.

Guerrilla warfare continues on all the larger islands, even reaching the suburbs of Manila on occasion—as the Japanese admit. The guerrillas find inspiration in Tomás Confessor, an intellectual leader and former associate of Quezon, who still holds out with a force of men in the southern islands. Laurel grows more desperate by the moment. In February he declared a state of national emergency and assumed dictatorial power over all government agencies and officials. In June he forbade the governors and mayors, who had apparently been getting unruly, to override the rulings of the constabulary. He also created a special Bureau of Investigation to purge his own administration and fired seventy-one members of the Manila constabulary and forty-two employees of the Food Administration. He has taken personal control of the Manila government. Laurel apparently is developing a severe case of jitters as the American forces approach the Philippines via New Guinea and Saipan.

Thailand, like Denmark, is held up as an example of how occupied countries profit by not resisting fascist aggression. The people have been bribed by the "gift" of the two Shan states that were formerly attached to Burma and of four Malay states. But Thailand remains Japan's soft underbelly in Southeast Asia. It has an organized underground movement looking to pre-war democratic figures for post-war leadership.

The unhappy Thai puppet is Premier Luang Pibul Songgram, who is pro-Axis rather than pro-Japanese. After being educated in a French military school, he visited Italy in the twenties and acquired a great admiration for Mussolini, whose picture he always kept in his room. He helped to engineer the anti-democratic coup of 1935, becoming Minister of Defense and, in 1938, Premier. On December 5, 1941, he took dictatorial power under the pretext of resisting aggression and admitted the Japanese into Thailand. Afterward he asked Hitler to be allowed to sign the Tripartite Agreement. The request was referred to Tojo, who turned it down. Pibul repaid this snub by refusing to attend last year's conference of puppet leaders in Tokyo, pleading sickness. Pibul has lately grown more and more melancholy both in his official statements and in the radio speeches he writes under the name of Sammakhai Thai. He tried to resign in 1943, but the Japanese would not let him.

Puppet Premier Ba Maw of Burma, the son of a leader in the Burmese revolt of 1886, was the first Premier under the relatively liberal Burmese constitution put into effect by the British in 1937. Two years later he lost a vote of confidence in the parliament, the British members voting against him. In August, 1940, he was sentenced to a year in jail for preaching sedition. At the end of this period he was not released immediately. His bitterness over these events made him eminently eligible for the post of Burmese Quisling. As Premier he has outlawed all political parties except one. Despite the "independence" granted Burma last year, every branch of Ba Maw's government is controlled by his Japanese "advisers." The forces of the Allies now fighting in Burma have been actively aided by the villagers.

Japan's Indian puppet is the head of the "Free India" provisional government, Subhas Chandra Bose, a former mayor of Calcutta and former president of the Indian National Congress. His record, which includes ten jail sentences under the British regime, is a great asset to the Japanese propagandists. Bose claims to have 300,000 Indian troops, but probably has less than a tenth of this number. The Japanese defeat in India was a great blow to his prestige, and he exerts nominal control today only over the Andaman and Nicobar islands.

In the Netherlands East Indies the Japanese were hard put to find prominent Indonesians who would collaborate with them. They finally seized on Ir. Soekarno, a fiery Javanese nationalist who had been exiled to Sumatra by the Dutch for revolutionary activities, and made him head of the Poetera, or so-called "peoples' movement." But apparently Soekarno is none too reliable; he has disappeared from the radio for long periods and is known to have been under arrest at least once.

Last year a central "council" with several regional branches was instituted with great fanfare in Java to allow Indonesian "participation in the military administration," but this was a patent fraud. Only a few thousand people were allowed to vote, and the Japanese kept the councils under tight control. Now they are trying to build up the native sultans in Java, Sumatra, and Borneo as symbols of self-rule. The Japanese radio admits that guerrillas are still operating in Sumatra and Borneo.

In Malaya, too, British and Indian guerrillas aided by Chinese and Malay civilians are still fighting, or "giving themselves up," as the Japanese quaintly put it. The Sultan of Johore and other native rulers helped the Japanese in the early stages of the war, but the Japanese radio seldom mentions them today.

Indo-China is the only country where the Japanese have not made use of native puppets; there the Vichy French under Admiral Decoux have done the dirty work, under loose Japanese control. But economic chaos resulting from Japanese exploitation and loss of foreign markets has produced great unrest in Indo-China, Malaya, and the Dutch East Indies alike. The Japanese now rarely refer to the "Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere," emphasizing instead "self-sufficiency" in each area.

The whole puppet show in eastern Asia, cleverly con-

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ceived as it was, is being disrupted by Japan's military defeats and its unkept promises. Unfortunately, these promises, though they were honored only in the breach, will be an unsettling factor in the situation we shall confront when the Japanese have been swept out. It will then be up to us—the United Nations—to show by our deeds that we mean to keep our own promises of self-government for colonial regions. The recent Congressional resolution reaffirming America's guaranty of independence to the Philippines as soon as the Quislings have been removed, and providing for American bases in the Islands for mutual security, is a good beginning.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

IT TOOK the American public a week longer than the German to grasp the real significance of the robot bomb. Not until three weeks had passed did Americans understand that this was no mechanical toy but a diabolical invention. The average German, however, realized after fourteen days that the new weapon would not decisively alter the course of the war, would never win the victory for the Reich. The violent propaganda campaign which had at first convinced him that this was precisely what it would do—as described in this column last week—had only a short-lived success, and if all signs do not deceive us, its rapid and complete collapse marks a turning-point in the history of the war.

Let us see how the situation appeared to the eyes of neutral observers. The *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of Schaffhausen, Switzerland, reported on July 1:

> When two weeks ago Hitler shot the first robot bombs against England and when the words "The hour of retribution has come" were spread across the front pages of German newspapers, many people thought they saw the silver lining on the horizon. Now hardly anyone talks of or believes in the miraculous new weapon. Hopes have not been fulfilled. Crude facts are speaking. The enemy is advancing in the west, east, and south. Morale is sinking again.

Another Swiss newspaper, the *Weltwoche* of Zurich, gave a more detailed description on June 30:

> German propaganda referred to the "hell hounds" in almost mystical terms. . . . But in spite of Goebbels's vehemence, the help they brought to the government was of a very temporary nature. For a short time the morale of even the skeptical Wilhelmstrasse received a lift, and Hitler's prestige went up. German soldiers listening to broadcasts from Germany between battles broke into cheers. But the stimulating effect lasted only a few days. Goebbels's predictions did not materialize. Instead, accounts of disastrous defeats poured into Germany from all fronts.

Now that the phantasmagoria of a glorious change due to the new weapon has been dissipated, the common man in Germany sees for the first time the naked reality. He confronts now what, as if with an inherited instinct, he has always dreaded most—a many-front war. Until now the German public has hoped that the fresh masses of the Anglo-Americans would not actually appear on the field of battle. Even on June 6, after the successful landing, it comforted itself with the thought that the enemy would soon be thrown back into the sea and that the western front would forthwith disappear. When that did not happen, hope prevailed for some days after June 16 that Aladdin's wonder-bombs would save the Reich from a three-front war. Now that this expectation has also proved false, the dreaded, fundamentally hopeless situation has been finally—and I believe irrevocably—revealed. For a people as deeply experienced in land warfare as the Germans, no illusions can any longer veil the fact that a war against the armies not of one great power but of three is bound finally to be lost, if only from sheer attrition. As the *Sydsvenska Dagbladet-Snaelposten* of July 2 expressed it, "the war has been living on credit in Germany for a long time and has now used it all up. The bankruptcy of German propaganda has become complete." The *National-Zeitung* of Basel painted a similar picture on June 29: "The atmosphere in Berlin is extremely grave. The merciless reality of the three-front war seems for the first time to be fully comprehended. German morale seems to have crashed to a new low."

All reports agree that disillusionment about the "hell hounds" acted on German *Stimmung* like a blitz. The St. Gall *Tagblatt* for July 1 spoke of the *"grosse Kotzen"*—which is inadequately translated as general nausea." A wave of cynicism, it said, was sweeping over the country; one illustration was the sudden appearance of an unprintable filthy version of the song "Lilli Marlene." (This is the German song which American soldiers in Africa adopted for their own.) Of course the home front, whatever its feelings, is forced to carry on; the question is, when will its present mood spread to the army, as it surely will some day? The army is not, basically, compelled to carry on; the army can run away. In this connection a story in the Schaffhausen *Arbeiter-Zeitung* about a tank soldier from the eastern front is interesting. The soldier spoke of the "depression haunting everybody like a lingering poison." Even the officers, he said, were afflicted with it, and he repeated a conversation he had had with his battalion commander. Once when he brought this officer a paper, "the latter suddenly asked him why he looked in such ill-humor. The soldier shrugged his shoulders and did not answer. But the officer would not let him off. 'Speak out, man,' he insisted. 'You are fed up. If so, you need not be ashamed of it. It's the same with me.' "

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The French Resistance

ARMY OF SHADOWS. By Joseph Kessel. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

AMONG French novelists of the late twenties and the thirties there was no slicker craftsman than Joseph Kessel. Somebody, explaining him to an American, once said he had the exuberance of the young Ben Hecht but was otherwise akin to James Cain, with a style like a whip and a preoccupation with *amour* in its more acrid, unorthodox, and even painful expressions.

After the collapse he stayed on in France until early in 1943 and seems to have had underground connections. Then he got out, and from London, in the spring and summer of 1943, he was "able to see the French Resistance in its most vivid light."

He has written a far from perfect book but has wisely tried to do no more than tell *a* story, not *the* story, of the "obscure, secret France, new to her friends, her enemies, and above all to herself." And because he writes with honesty of intention and humility of spirit, he has not marred or smirched the beauty of the thing he describes, the heroism in and of a France where "civil disobedience, individual and organized rebellion have become duties to the fatherland" and "the national hero is the under-cover man, the outlaw. . . . Prisons, executions, tortures, criminal attempts, surprise raids, flying bullets. . . . People die and kill with naturalness." He can be absolved of any intention to exploit the agony and heroism of his countrymen. Nor does he succumb, as other men have done, to the temptation to assimilate the heroisms of others into a legend of his own. This reviewer sees no reason to believe that Kessel intended his Gerbier as a self-portrait, as some have suggested.

He has woven his story around the fabulous career of Gerbier, whom we first meet as he is being checked into a concentration camp. Described by the police as a "distinguished bridge and highway engineer," he is "suspected of Gaullist activities" and is in reality on the general staff of the movement. He escapes from the camp, performs an execution on a comrade turned traitor, slips across to London, where we see him talking at a candlelit dinner table in Belgrave Square of the subterranean life he is about to return to. Then we get his "notebook," supposedly kept after his return to France. We see him in a Gestapo prison. He is rescued by comrades—led by a remarkable woman called Mathilde—who throw smoke bombs over the wall when the machine-gun has already begun to crackle. Then Mathilde weakens and has to be liquidated, on Gerbier's orders, for the safety of the rest. Again he slips away to London and after three weeks goes back to France, "in good health and very calm."

Kessel insists that "there is no propaganda in this book and there is no fiction. No detail has been forced, and none has been invented . . . only facts that have been experienced, verified, and that one might say are of daily occurrence." He had to blur his characters, of course. But, he says, "we are living in the midst of horror, surrounded by bloodshed. I have felt neither the right nor the strength to go beyond the simplicity of the chronicle, the humility of the document." This is not quite true. The weakness of this book lies in the irrepressible craftsmanship that produced such contrivances as the dinner table in Chelsea where so much could be said and the "notebook" that no one but a lunatic—which Gerbier was not—could have kept. Kessel may well have been reborn, but the expert hand of the story-teller who wrote "L'Equipage" and "Belle du Jour" was at work in these contrivances. Still, they do not invalidate the book as a whole.

Far better than the plot itself are the characters, who have the feel of life. There is Jean-François, who carries the messages and the explosives and teaches "simple, serious, and passionate people the use of English sub-machine guns." For him this life was made to order. Mathilde was "yellow, lean, worn out from her household cares and, perhaps because of this, was a woman of very aggressive virtue." She had six children and was an Action Française "fanatic" with a husband who believed in the Marshal. She went to work distributing tracts and was "especially happy when she had to add explosives to the thick bundles of printed sheets." She becomes a specialist in disguises and in managing escapes from prison. But she makes a mistake. She has kept a photograph of her oldest daughter, and when the Germans catch her this gives them their cue. They threaten to send the girl to an army brothel in Poland. And Mathilde cracks. There is the "wife of Felix," who had not known what her husband did until after the Germans shot him. Then she went to work as liaison agent until she was caught and, with her daughter, undressed and tortured—the red-hot pins in the stomach, the dentist's drill into the jawbone. "They did not reveal anything," said the German report smuggled out by a man of the Resistance in the Vichy police. There are many others in this convincing and unforgettable gallery of the men and women of the shadow army, with false names, false addresses, false faces, who cannot expect more than three months of life.

Now the shadow army has become the French Forces of the Interior, integrated to the Allied command. They are fighting in the open in Haute Savoie, in the southwest, and elsewhere. They are lauded in communiqués of the Allied High Command and also—but in a grimmer way—in the communiqués of the Germans, where announcements are made of the execution of "terrorists" behind their sagging front in Normandy and across precarious lines of communication. Their chief has been received, at long last, at the White House, and the guts and spirit that took him there were theirs as much as his. They have made history and not in France alone. They have forced, by their value as a hidden army and by their intransigence expressed through De Gaulle, a revision in a policy that spelled disaster for all. It is high time that Americans got to know their faces. For their

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battle is not wholly won, not in France or in London or in Washington. There are powerful men whose admiration for their courage is only matched by a wooden incomprehension of the meaning of their struggle—not against the Nazis alone—and by determined hostility to what in the final analysis they must stand for, a cleansing of the political and economic life of France. The enthusiasm for their exploits could flag and probably will. Up to this writing, as our troops advance, the men of the underground are disarmed, in the name of order. Kessel's book should serve as a reminder that they will have to be taken into account, these Gerbiers who have been freed, by the exigencies of a struggle against Nazis, against French traitors, and against frailty within their own ranks, of "all inner struggle, all scruple and pity." Acquaintance with them now may cushion the shock that will be felt in this country when, after the last Nazi has bit the dust (save for those we are keeping pure and uncontaminated in prison camps over here), the cleansing process goes on in France as it well may for awhile. In this respect one might recall that verse in the Marseillaise beginning, "Tremble ye tyrants and traitors," which, as it may be remembered, was written at an earlier moment in French history when traitors at home were leagued with foreign armies. Recently a French politician of the old school recalled a crack once made by Adrian Hebrard, of *Le Temps*, apropos of French political *moeurs* to the effect that the river running through Paris was not the Seine but the Lethe —as evidenced, among other things, by the prolonged immunity enjoyed by *Le Temps* itself. This is no longer true. No, indeed! Memories were never fresher. JAY ALLEN

Story of a Union

TAILOR'S PROGRESS. By Benjamin Stolberg. Doubleday, Doran and Company. An American Mercury Book. $2.75.

THE general suspicion that Benjamin Stolberg, like the bugler of the Grand Army, can only blow an attack seems to be only partly true. Although the old Stolberg occasionally appears, he has chosen a most worthy subject, the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, to show his more mellow side. In fact, the author at times overpraises the innumerable leaders and sub-leaders who saunter through his absorbing pages. Commendation usually reserved for the hallowed dead or for aspiring Presidential candidates is not absent from Mr. Stolberg's narrative. This undoubtedly "livens up" the story, but one begins to suspect a bit of literary exaggeration in these portrayals.

Occasionally the less mellow Stolberg also appears. No one would expect any book of his to be a tedious recital of events, but Mr. Stolberg's comments on Justice Brandeis, for instance, add nothing to the book or to the author's reputation as a social critic. As an embittered and disillusioned leftist Mr. Stolberg has developed a passionate hatred for reformers. This leads him to make a number of unkind and questionable comments on Justice Brandeis.

In general, however, he has written an admirable book. The struggle of the pioneers to establish a union, the first victories and the uphill fight to maintain it, the struggle with a union-wrecking Communist faction which almost destroyed the organization, and its revival and expansion under the leadership of David Dubinsky are recorded here with humor and understanding. Stolberg is at his best when he writes about the career of David Dubinsky, and much space is given to Dubinsky's personal and organization history. In Dubinsky we have a hard-headed pragmatist who still retains some of the idealism which first inspired his entry into the labor movement. Moreover, Dubinsky is content to be an efficient labor leader and does not crave the title of "labor statesman." Stolberg does not like labor statesmen, and the reviewer is inclined to share his prejudices, but he has high praise for the "extra-curricular" activities of the union, such as education and dramatics, the sponsoring of athletics, a vacation resort for members, and so on.

Stolberg ends up on a note of warning. He does not approve of the close alliance between the union and the Roosevelt Administration, and he trots out Samuel Gompers and Mathew Woll to prove his point. First of all, Gompers did not disapprove of workmen's compensation laws, although he did oppose government unemployment insurance and old-age-benefit schemes. What of it? Stolberg also cites the A. F. of L. opposition to government bureaucracy. There is by no means unanimous agreement in the ranks of the A. F. of L. on this point. Does Mr. Stolberg want to go back to a pre-1933 labor movement, one largely confined to the building trades, teamsters, clothing workers, and railroad men? Dubinsky, whom Stolberg admires, is a much more reliable guide in this respect, for he recognizes why the union has supported and continues to support the New Deal more clearly than Stolberg does. Despite the shortcomings of the New Deal the present strength of the labor movement is directly traceable to the efforts of the Roosevelt Administration. The reviewer is aware of the present dissatisfaction with wage-freezing and other governmental policies. Yet even if we grant the dubious argument that the cost of living has risen 20 per cent above the amount indicated by the index of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, labor will have increased its real weekly earnings considerably during the war. Let the critics of the government's labor policy show a similar result in any other war period. Mr. Stolberg likewise decries the Popular Front because it "provoked fascist reaction." This highly simplified explanation neglects the basic reason for the rise of fascism—the failure of the economy to furnish a reasonable measure of prosperity and employment. Sometime it might be well to have those who oppose "democratic governmentalism" and at the same time flirt with Socialist ideas propose a program.

Stolberg is excellent at describing the "ups and downs" of the union, interesting and amusing when he deals with the various personalities of the organization, and a bit questionable as a social guide or critic. Nevertheless, his book can be enthusiastically recommended to all who are interested in the labor movement. Not only will they find it enlightening and entertaining, but they will learn to appreciate better the problems of maintaining an honest and efficient union, conscious of its obligation to society and to the needs of its members. Stolberg's book is worthy of its subject.

PHILIP TAFT

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G. I. Letters

LETTERS HOME. Arranged and Edited by Mina Curtiss. Little, Brown and Company. $2.75.

I NEVER LEFT HOME. By Bob Hope. Illustrated by Carl Rose. Simon and Schuster. Paper, $1; Cloth, $2.

LEAVING aside problems of strategy and exploits of the battlefield, Mrs. Curtiss set out to discover what was going on in the minds of young Americans fighting for their country in far-away lands. She examined thousands of letters received in all parts of the country from men in the armed forces, and has published the best of them in "Letters Home." They come right from the hearts of the frightened, unhappy soldiers.

Not all are unhappy, of course; a few men seem to be enjoying the war, such as the gay paratrooper, Lieutenant Falen, who writes to his favorite bartender in Buffalo. "I have to laugh," says he, speaking of his descent in Sicily. "I landed in a high bush with all kinds of bristles and needles . . . all in the southern part of my anatomy. I kept pulling them out for an hour!" The war is not only high adventure but also broadening for Sergeant Cook: "Sure changed my mind on Africa, Durban is a city larger than Little Rock and almost as modern. . . ." As for Corporal Dreyer from Iowa, he took advantage of his travels to swap notes on hog cholera with the Irish, who called it swine fever, and made careful observation of the Arabs' method of irrigation.

At the other extreme we find Private Golub writing to his "Baby Dear" (bride) back in Brooklyn: "The feeling of loneliness is so sharp that it's hard to describe. . . . Despite the fact that you're never really alone it gets everyone. It grips you in the pit of your stomach, crawls up your spine, and pokes right into your brain. It's such a helpless feeling." Somewhere in the middle we find Lieutenant Reginald Thayer, a bombardier from New Jersey, taking refuge in mysticism. "Truly—God rides our ship," he writes to his "Dearest Aunt Marguerite." "Our faith in God is supreme—we will never lose it. . . . God was very good to me today—I actually got some Chesterfields—no foolin'—God is with us, and God be with you."

There would seem to be no danger that the American soldier ever will turn into a world conqueror. The farther afield he wanders, the better his own country looks. He wants to get back home as quickly as possible and stay there and renounce forever this business of fighting.

Take Jack Redinger, from Michigan, who defied his father's wishes in 1941 to become a naval aviator, saying he preferred "a short life doing the things I like, to old age without doing them." He just had to fly, and a year later he did. "We also do strafing hops which are thrilling," he wrote from training camp in 1942. "We come screaming down from two thousand feet, on some wooden rafts anchored off shore and . . . we blast away." Fun. But in 1943, having downed two Japanese planes, he wrote to his father from Guadalcanal: "So you now have an option on a post-war family plane? Well, more power to you. . . . If the Good Lord brings me safely through this I will never trouble Him again to look after me, by setting foot in another aeroplane. . . ."

The prevailing impression made by these letters is that the American soldiers are suffering not only from homesickness but also from bewilderment. Few seem to know what they are fighting for. John Earle does; he is a boy with a Quaker background who volunteered for the American Field Service; he thinks we are "fighting a social battle," and he notes with interest that the British soldier, at least, likes to discuss such things as communism and the Beveridge plan. Another man whose letters reveal awareness is Cliff Gallant, merchant seaman on the Murmansk run, who formerly was a printer, a member of the I. T. U. Nearly all the rest are fighting because they are compelled to, and the army apparently has made no genuine effort to tell them why.

Nor does the army seem to have done much about the malady of homesickness. Loneliness can attack not only individuals but also entire groups of men stationed, say, in Bizerte or Fairbanks. They get to feeling they have been sent to the end of the world and forgotten. Here the U. S. O. is a big help; its troupes of entertainers lift men's spirits mightily. In his book, "I Never Left Home," Bob Hope prints a thank-you letter from a soldier in Sicily who had seen his show. "We have been deprived of home, of our loved ones, and civilization for some time," the boy wrote. "For a few seconds we were back in our natural surroundings and completely happy."

Bob Hope might almost be counted a war hero himself; he has traveled 80,000 miles to various corners of the earth cracking his jokes before more than half the army. Other entertainers have made similar jaunts, but Hope is the first to write a book about it. The book is almost entirely made up of his familiar gags adapted to the various settings in which he found himself. For instance, he was caught in a night air raid in Bizerte without even his undershirt on. "That's pretty bare to be when all that flak's being thrown up into the air and has to come down somewhere. On the other hand, a cotton undershirt isn't much protection, but on the other hand is a silly place to wear an undershirt."

Well, as Simon and Schuster said in their apology for running out of copies, "there's no accounting for taste." The fact remains that Hope's appearances were a godsend to soldiers from Anchorage to Algiers.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

Dali Turns Novelist

HIDDEN FACES. By Salvador Dali. The Dial Press. $3.

ONE infuriating facet of Salvador Dali's complicated character is his refusal to let you like him. He's like a naughty little boy who, the moment he knows his mama has forgiven him his bad manners in public, immediately decides to test her good-will by smacking a lady guest on the behind at a Sunday tea. Just as Dali used to make exhibitions of himself before you had a chance to judge an exhibition of his painting, now he antagonizes you by making himself ridiculous before you have a chance to judge his writing. "Sooner or later," he boasts in the preface to his first novel, "everyone is bound to come to me! . . . How many there are already who are spiritually nourished by my work! Therefore let him who has done 'as much' cast the first stone!" I shudder to think how Dali would behave if no one cast so much as a pebble!

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Yet this is just the kind of reception that "Hidden Faces" deserves. Whatever Dali has done has usually been distinguished by some degree of originality. But this book—particularly after the first hundred pages, in which, strangely enough, there are some glimpses of humor—is confused, old-fashioned, derivative, and intensely boring. Dali as a painter has no doubt benefited enormously from a close study of the works of Poussin, Ingres, and Raphael. But Dali as a writer has gained nothing from reading French romantic fiction, from his admiration of Stendhal, "the divine Marquis de Sade," and Dr. Freud. Detailed accounts of the lives of wealthy French aristocrats who live between the Faubourg St. Germain and their country estates and spend weeks doing little but plan a vast ball, Lesbians who smoke opium and sniff heroin, and perverts of a different nature who indulge in a form of "love" to which Dali has given the name of Cledalism (after his heroine)—"pleasure and pain sublimated in an all-transcending identification with the object"—all this, described in a turgid, fake-eighteenth-century prose, plus some observations made by minor characters in favor of a better, less decadent world and American women, all this may make a book, but what about that spiritual nourishment?

I believe that in his autobiography—a book which was seldom dull and for which its translator, Haakon M. Chevalier, did not receive sufficient credit—Dali was being as honest as he could be. You felt that he had never quite forgiven fate for not making him heir to the Spanish throne. And between that book and this you feel that someone has whispered in his ear: "You know, Mr. Dali, in the America of the mid-twentieth century certain sentiments you express are considered—shall we say?—a little reactionary." And having read "Hidden Faces," you feel that Dali's ear was not deaf. In literature no kind of dishonesty pays. Of the black V planted in the center of a bleeding swastika and the *i* of the author's name "dotted" by a crimson line crowned in gold on the book's dust jacket, I prefer, as drawn by Dali, the latter.

JAMES STERN

Realist's Eye View

PRIMER OF THE COMING WORLD. By Leopold Schwarzschild. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THE bewildered traveler through the mazes of contemporary history is importuned at every way station by a multitude of guides who promise to lead him safely into the future. These guides can be put into two general categories—the optimists and the realists. The optimists assure him that the future will be a land of peace and plenty. They are fairly certain that a world catastrophe must culminate in world redemption. The realists, on the other hand, are full of foreboding about the future, for they regard it, on the whole, as merely a projection of the present. The optimists believe that a revolutionary world situation will create the resources for the solution of the new problems with which it confronts mankind. The realists are not so sure that there are any new problems in history. They see only the emergence of new versions of perennial problems. Having their interest centered upon the perennial difficulties of man's common life, they are inclined to be oblivious to the genuinely novel and revolutionary features in a given period of history. They may be safer guides, on the whole, than the optimists; but their guidance exposes the traveler to risks even more grievous than those encountered in the company of the gay adventurers.

Since America generates on the whole optimistic rather than realistic views of the world's future, it is quite helpful to have a distinguished émigré journalist like Leopold Schwarzschild give us the benefit of the characteristically sober Continental picture of future possibilities. Schwarzschild is a hard-boiled and shrewd student of history who for years after his eviction from Germany conducted a most informative journal in Paris.

Schwarzschild's strategy for world peace is a very limited one. It consists of measures which will destroy Germany's power or inclination to resort to renewed aggression coupled with the hope that meanwhile the three great powers will desire to remain at peace with one another, for "against wars among the big three no preventive means exist except their own will and self-restraint." He believes that Germany must be occupied for a half-century, that the de-industrialization of the nation would prove ineffective, that any forcible education from the outside would be equally futile, but that, despite past failures, an effort should be made to extract 150 billion marks of reparation over a period of thirty years. He cites as proof of Germany's capacity to pay the fact that Hitler since 1933 has obtained about 16 billion marks' worth of military goods a year and has probably expended 60 to

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80 billion marks per year for the conduct of the war. The long period of occupation, he believes, would finally break the back of the military cast, destroy the military tradition, and make obsolescent all military instruments known to the Germans.

Schwarzschild not only implicitly but explicitly rejects all war aims which go beyond the immediate purpose of insuring a tentative peace. He warns against "superimposed war aims" such as world-wide democracy or the socialization of wealth or any other cause or scheme for the attainment of a higher justice. He points out that rigorous ideologies will divide rather than unite the world, since there is no possibility of one ideology gaining a victory great enough to become the unifying force for a world community.

In estimating the possibilities of an accord between the three great powers he places the whole responsibility for the future upon Russia, believing that "no one can estimate what direction Russia may take"—probably because "no clear policy has been formulated in Moscow itself." He takes little stock in the argument that a nationalist Russia may be easier to get along with than a Communist one, partly because he is not at all certain that communism and nationalism are as mutually exclusive as most students assume, for "practice and realism mock such theorizing."

In seeking for peace through the preservation of the status quo Schwarzschild goes to the length of extolling the virtues of a laissez faire economic system. The depressions which occur at intervals of seven to ten years, he argues, are "a function of the famous 'automatism' of the system" and are just as necessary and inevitable as the breathing of the human organism. He arrives at the complacent conclusion that "capitalism was and is able constantly to improve the standard of the employed common man. It was and is unable constantly to employ every common man."

There is many a grain of sober wisdom in these observations upon the great problems which confront us. But there is also much chaff. The fact is that Schwarzschild, like many realists, is completely blind to the revolutionary character of our age. He does not recognize to what degree the German menace was and is only an aggravated form of the disease from which a whole civilization is suffering, that political and economic institutions are really seriously at variance with the necessities of a global economy, and that "free enterprise" presents more serious difficulties in such an economy than merely its periodic depressions.

His interpretation of the relation of the three great nations to the future peace may be taken as a convenient symbol of what is right and what is wrong with this kind of realism. He is right in asserting that no present formula for a constitutional world order could preserve the peace if one of the three great powers should not desire its preservation. But he is wrong in thinking that "only their will and self-restraint" can preserve the peace. For even if they had the desire to keep the peace, they would not be able to do so if they could not find at least quasi-constitutional forms for their partnership and for the regulation of their relations to other powers.

Here is a soberness which apprehends the immediate facts

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with remarkable clarity but is too narrow-eyed to measure the full dimension of the historical situation in which the facts appear.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Taxes, Post-War

PRODUCTION, JOBS, AND TAXES. By Harold M. Groves. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $1.25.

THIS study of post-war federal tax policy is important not only because of the reputation and authority of its author but because it is sponsored by the Committee for Economic Development. It is probable that the CED will have a good deal of influence with Congress after the war when the federal tax system is being overhauled, and it is interesting to get a preview of the measures that this group of business leaders will advocate. The present report is part of a larger study now in progress. Professor Groves assumes responsibility for the ideas expressed, but as the book was written with the advice and consent of the CED Research Committee, comprised of business men, we may suppose that author and sponsors are in substantial agreement.

The objective of the CED is to achieve a high level of post-war employment through full production and expansion of private industry. Professor Groves accepts this objective and has made his recommendations accordingly; they are definitely favorable to business. He proposes to encourage production and investment by integrating corporation and personal income taxes, by repealing the excess-profits tax, by allowing a six-year carry-over of business losses, and by allowing for a more rapid depreciation of plant and equipment. On the theory that high production requires wide markets he would reduce or repeal federal sales taxes. He would encourage risk-taking by a substantial reduction of the rates in the middle and upper brackets of the personal income-tax schedule, by eliminating tax-exempt securities, and by modifying taxes on capital gains and losses. On the other hand, he would strengthen the taxation of estates.

Those who accept Professor Groves's assumptions will regard his program as on the whole well-balanced and sensible, and will quarrel only over its details. Some of his suggestions seem rather intricate and difficult to administer, as he himself admits. But equity, in the field of taxation, often conflicts with simplicity, and compromise is the only way out.

The question remains, however, whether full production and the expansion of private industry can be achieved by the kind of tax reforms which Professor Groves has outlined. Suppose, for example, that we reduce the rates in the upper brackets of the personal income tax and then discover that we have failed to stimulate the flow of so-called venture capital. Must we then reduce the rates still farther? And must we keep on reducing them until investors are satisfied? There is a kind of vicious circle here, for as we reduce taxes on large personal incomes, the larger will be the volume of savings available for investment. But there will not be, on that account, any increase in opportunities to invest. Also, if tax reduction succeeds in its purpose and the extra savings are profitably invested, then large incomes will become still larger and even more savings will require outlet in investment. It would seem, therefore, that even if tax reduction provides a temporary stimulus, it may make the problem of investment even harder to solve in the future than it is now.

As for industry, investment in additional plant and equipment is subject to the law of diminishing returns. Even if business taxes were abolished altogether, we should have no reason to expect a general and continued expansion, sufficient to maintain full employment, in the face of a declining rate of profit.

Apparently, however, Professor Groves thinks otherwise. "The economic system in its normal operation," he writes, "should generate opportunities and incentives for enterprise." Well, maybe it should. But the fact is that with a high concentration in the distribution of income, together with monopolistic controls in industry, it doesn't. Taxes, labor costs, and political climate are not likely to be more favorable to business after the war than they were in the late '20s. And yet during the three-year period 1927-29 less than half the savings made by individuals were actually invested in new productive enterprise.

The CED expects, in a later report, to consider incentive taxation, including taxes on hoarding. It will be interesting to have the business man's answer to these questions: How can investment be induced when the expansion of industry runs up against the law of diminishing returns? How can we maintain high employment unless investment funds are used to provide jobs? Can private enterprise survive if individuals and business concerns are privileged to hoard their funds, in any amount and for as long as they please, without penalty?

G. R. WALKER

FILMS

I HAVE not read Chekhov's story "The Shooting Party" from which Douglas Sirk derives "Summer Storm," but it looks as if Mr. Sirk had wanted to be faithful to something plotty, melodramatic, and second-grade, with psychological possibilities in it which he, or his actors, failed to make much of. As a provincial judge going to the dogs under the influence of Linda Darnell, a ruthless peasant beauty, George Sanders gets across no impression of moral disintegration, struggle, helplessness, or compensatory pleasures; even when he allows her innocent husband to be punished for her murder it seems like little more than His Most Embarrassing Moment. Edward Everett Horton, as a twiddling, infatuated provincial count, has lighter baggage to carry and carries it amusingly, within rather amateurish, highly

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theatrical limits; in a stagy, but never in a human sense, you realize that the man he is playing and the class he is representing are loose as ashes. Linda Darnell, flashing her eyes and teeth and flexing her glands at both men, is probably the weakest of the three so far as performance goes; but since, in general appearance, she is a kind of person I can imagine going on all fours for, especially if I were a provincial judge, I thought her not entirely ill cast. There are bits of acting and photography in "Summer Storm" which put it as far outside the run of American movies as it laudably tries to be. But most of it had, for me, the sporty speciousness of an illustrated drugstore classic. " 'Speaking of women,' murmured the Baron, toying with his aperient . . ."

It would be nice to see some screen "fantasy" if it were done by anyone with half a heart, mind, and hand for it. But when the studios try to make it, duck and stay hid until the mood has passed. The story of a dancing caterpillar which became an international personality, a political and religious symbol, and a baby Armageddon for science, commercialism, and what is popularly thought of as innocence and idealism might, with great skill, imagination, and avoidance of whimsy, become wonderful. But "Once Upon a Time" is not wonderful. It is just less witty and more gently intentioned than the overrated radio hit—the Corwin "My Client Curley"—from which it was developed; and both, to be plain about it, fancy gossamer as building material and then try to manufacture it out of two-by-fours. "The Canterville Ghost," played in mock-pansy, mock-Shakespearean style by Charles Laughton, is a quondam coward who can only go to his rest when a descendant, Robert Young, proves himself brave in warfare. The possibilities here seem thin at best, but a sufficient understanding of cowardice might still have made them amount to something. Margaret O'Brien is involved in this, too, and gives the film what little charm it has; but more still makes it an unhappy experience. She is an uncannily talented child, and it is infuriating to see her handled, and gradually being ruined, by oafs.

"Candlelight in Algeria" is a smooth routine British melodrama centered on a camera which contains film showing where General Clark and others will meet to plot the invasion of North Africa. There is no harm in it, and no special interest either, except in Walter Rilla's performance and in watching the English try, pretty successfully, to make American types. But one gets tired of saying that the British do this sort of melodrama well. They do; but too often, well is not so awfully well as all that. Educated Englishmen by the gross who have nothing to say and don't even realize it can write well, if by well one means plumply cadenced classical prose, fairly accurate about nothing worth accuracy, without one spark of urgency, insight, or wilfulness in it. I feel that by now they can do the movie equivalent in their sleep, and should not be too highly credited for it, even though our own somnambulistic utterance draws rather on Oley Speaks and S. Parkes Cadman than on Cicero and Burke.

JAMES AGEE

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MUSIC

MORE than once I have said that what has been written about the "modern music" which the public has disliked has been even worse and more objectionable than the music itself. My point has been that the ad hoc aesthetic formulations, the misstatements and misinterpretation of history, and all the other confusions have been dust in the eyes of people whose ears would not have been fooled. That is, listening to the music these people have known what it meant and what it was worth; but reading about it they have doubted the testimony of their ears and wondered whether there was not something they must learn to hear and understand. I say this as one of those people; and it is the long experience that eventually gave me confidence in my ears and in my impressions of the music that also gave me my present strong objection to the writing about it.

The kind of writing I mean is Paul Rosenfeld's statement—in contradiction to what one heard—that a Rhapsody for orchestra by Wallingford Riegger was "evidently . . . magnificent in texture and consistent in idea, grateful to the ear and lucid in form." And, worse still, his subsequent statement about anyone who was prevented from hearing all this by the work's atonalism: "If indeed one is unable to hear the relation of note to note, freshly, and without past experience, in every composition, whether it be tonal, bitonal, or without any tonality whatsoever, what indeed can one be said actually to be hearing?" As though it were possible to approach anything—and above all a medium of communication—without one's past experience; as though any and every succession of sounds must convey a coherent, significant relation; and as though one's inability to perceive such a relation between any two sounds must set poor, perplexed Mr. Rosenfeld to wondering what indeed one could be said actually to be hearing.

Then there is Aaron Copland's equally wide-eyed, incredible-as-it-may-seem, how-can-such-things-be talk about the "fantastic notions" with which "newspaper writers and radio commentators who ought to know better" have, apparently for the sheer hell of it, misrepresented modern music and prejudiced the public against it—with which Copland tries to persuade us that we haven't ourselves heard the aridities, uglinesses, and horrors of Hindemith, Bartók, Berg, Schönberg, Stravinsky, and the rest. And his statement of correct notions about the music—with which he tries to get us to hear in those aridities, uglinesses, and horrors an "enriched musical language" and a "new spirit of objectivity, attuned to our own times," that make the music "our music," as natural and acceptable to our ears, as interesting, significant, and valuable to our minds, as people a hundred and two hundred years ago found *their* music.

From this it is only a step to Virgil Thomson trying with mirrors to get us to believe that the music of 150 years ago, which we are deeply affected by, is as incomprehensible to us as the painting and literature of the past, since it was produced by men "whose modes of thought and attitudes of passion were . . . different from ours," and that we can understand only contemporary music, which we dislike, since it is the product of the thought and feeling of our time.

Then there is what the composers say about their own works. Krenek informs us that talking with piano teachers he had discovered the lack of music using advanced contemporary styles and techniques which they might give their students to play, and that he had therefore composed Twelve Short Piano Pieces Written in Twelve-Tone Technique, whose "musical contents [and] performing difficulty are meant to correspond with the capacity and the interest of normally advanced students and amateurs"—which blandly throws a cloud of dust over the real nature of the twelve-tone technique, the real musical contents of pieces written in that technique, and of these pieces in particular, and the real interest in them of "normally advanced" students and amateurs.

Or Hindemith tells us first that in his "Schwanendreher," a viola concerto on old German folk melodies, he set out to function like the medieval minstrel who expanded and embellished the melodies he played, "preluding and improvising according to his fancy and ability"—which presumably should justify to our ears, as it does to Hindemith's, the music he produces when he expands and embellishes, preludes and improvises according to *his* fancy and ability. Later he tells us his aim was "to try how the old German folk songs could be adapted for today's concert work, e.g., with a modern arrangement and even in the spirit of the originals"—which again, presumably, should justify the astringency of idiom and aridity of feeling that twist the simple old folk songs into something as distorted and ugly as his own music.

From Hindemith we also get the general pronouncement that "what is generally regretted today is the loose relation maintained by music between the producer and the consumer. The composer these days should never write unless he is acquainted with the demand for his work. The times for consistent composing for one's own satisfaction are probably gone forever, etc." The business-like talk about producer and consumer and demand is intended to get us to accept the idea of composition as a purely commercial activity of setting down black marks on paper, and to accept also the music which results from this activity, when the black marks are translated into sounds which reveal not the slightest trace of the poetic impulse that alone can justify the setting down of black marks on paper.

And Stravinsky, who tells us that Beethoven's greatness lies not in his ideas but in his musical material, tells us also that he himself, in composing, does not express ideas but only establishes order and discipline in purely sonorous schemes. As though "ideas"—which is to say personal emotions, attitudes, insights—could be kept out of music—even the music of a man determined to produce nothing but ordered and disciplined sonorous schemes. And as though we would, even if we could, shut out of our minds the great "ideas" embodied in Beethoven's musical forms, or ignore the poverty of spirit communicated in Stravinsky's sonorous schemes.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Surrealist Painting
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Before you can be sure you are right you must read what parties of the opposite opinions have to say. Reading *Controversy* may modify your views, and if not, it will certainly solidify them. The confidence you will have gained in your opinions should be enough reason for reading *Controversy*. An additional one is that its reading is a lot of fun.

Our new Literary Review department, conducted by Paul Stout, inspires a few criticisms, probably because of the straightforward, frankly critical character of the reviews. Important criticisms of the reviews are published in each issue.

Photos and drawings help make a pleasing appearance and often illuminate the text.

A monthly feature inaugurated in July is our *Contemporary Portraits* of interesting people and institutions. They are often highly critical and more often than not inspire replies from the subjects. One or more photos is usually included.

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Regardless of Your Philosophy: Liberalism in Religion, by Stuart Foster.

Contemporary Portraits: *E. Haldeman-Julius.* A not altogether complimentary article on the publisher of the Little Blue Books, etc., and the original de-bunker. By John E. McWilliams. *Norman Thomas,* a sketch of the great Socialist Party leader.

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Letters to the Editors

The Church Knows Best

Dear Sirs: Philip Wylie's article Sex and the Censor in *The Nation* of July 8 was written with little understanding and consequently with little tolerance. He questions the right of postal and other authorities to ban certain books "containing dangerous ideas or forbidden words." In particular, he is concerned about the church. He cannot see what justifies the church in its demand for universal recognition of its dicta governing immoral literature. Here, I am afraid, he is talking precisely in the manner adopted by his "hysterical zealot" who in an insensate fury betrays the common sense of a whole people.

Never, so far as I know, has the church advocated any policy which endeavored to hush up the truth concerning questions of morality or anything else touching upon human welfare. It has too high a regard for the truth to be capable of such a policy. In fact, its consistency might very well bring upon its head any number of anathemas from groups and individuals that do not enjoy such common sense.

Books written about sin and immoral living have never been burned, banned, or purged by the Catholic church, nor has the church urged their removal. Books dealing with humanity in the sink of iniquity are valuable, provided the authors recognize their responsibility to their readers by also recognizing sin for what it is, by accepting sex for what it is, beautiful when controlled, sordid when abused.

Mr. Wylie writes, ". . . but I think it is not going too far to say that the very plain changes in the sex mores of the American people have reached all levels of our society and that such shifts in behavior cannot be arrested or even affected by the withholding of particular printed matter." I think it is going too far to make such a statement. Clearly Mr. Wylie's thinking equipment, not to mention his moral reserves, suffered a lapse somewhere along the line. The not quite apodictic collapse which American morals have suffered, it seems to me, can and must be attributed to the plethora of objectionable "printed matter" which has continued in circulation for the past couple of generations. Moral stamina is a rare phenomenon today, for it has received too many resounding blows from such criminal sources as these "bad books." These bad books have already had a devastating influence in hastening moral decadence. It is time the church, the only reliable judge in existence, was given the authority to stem the dirty tide and repair what has been so unfortunately destroyed.

J. F., U. S. C. G.

New York, July 8

Applause

Dear Sirs: I'm not a regular reader of *The Nation*—in fact, I hold political views diametrically opposed to practically everything for which *The Nation,* and presumably its editors, stand. However, during an election year I like to know "how the other half" (?) thinks.

Allow me to congratulate you and to express my whole-hearted applause of your courage and straight thinking in publishing material such as the letter of the Negro soldier and the excerpt from a letter written by a Negro soldier to *Yank* magazine in your June 3 issue. Until these United States face the problem of their own racial minorities decently, honestly, correctly, we have nothing but impertinence and dishonest heroics to recommend our participation in a war of freedom of all peoples regardless of "race, creed, or color." Material such as this may be of assistance even though, unfortunately, it reaches a minority and probably an already enlightened minority.

I lived in the West Indies and have many valued and valuable friends of Negro blood—perhaps that is why I care so intensely about this matter—although I like to think I'm liberal in an impersonal way on the subject.

MARION ARNOLD LEON

New York, June 7

Something Should Be Done

Dear Sirs: I am an Italian officer, a prisoner of war captured in Tunisia after nearly two years of hard fighting in the African deserts. I was brought up in a very anti-fascist family. My mother, who died last winter, was Jewish. My father, who is a lawyer, has become, since the fall of fascism, chairman of the Syndicate of Lawyers of Lombardy. (We live in Milan.) My brothers, one

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of whom was in the army, have fled to Switzerland in order to escape German reprisals. They were expelled from school some years ago after the anti-Jewish laws were passed. Many of my friends were in confinement. This is to give you a picture of my family and my true sentiments.

I am only twenty-five years old, but I have had a good deal of experience, in the army, in the war, and in my previous life in Italy, where I knew a lot of people on one side and the other. It has been sad for me to see, during my life in American prisoner-of-war camps that not exactly fascist ideas but fascist habits and fascist ways of thinking are fairly well spread among many of us who actually do not even know what fascism was, or was supposed to be. I think that something ought to be done to win these men to democratic and liberal ideas. But when Dr. Salvemini, on his way back to Cambridge, came to see me he was expelled from the camp! He was a friend of my grandfather, who was one of the leaders of the socialist movement in Milan in the first fifteen years of this century. L. M.

Somewhere in the United States, June 25

There's a Limit

Dear Sirs: We in the army are told that "he who gripes most is the best soldier"; therefore you may consider my candidacy for that honor.

I am still burning over Churchill's "kindly words about Spain." In my book those will rate as "most famous words," but not on the same page as "Cannot remain half slave and half free," "Quarantine the aggressor," "Unite or die," and other fine sayings.

Yes, the day of liberation is near, but that job must be complete. We will smoke out the devil in Berlin and then and there he should be destroyed. How can we allow the rotten heart of the fascist tyrant to regain its strength in Madrid, there to plot against us again? Should we allow our dead to have died in vain?

Agreed that the Spaniards should choose for themselves. The overwhelming majority of them will make another try for a republic, but the going will be as tough as ever if they are still discouraged by the democratic powers—I can't understand why!

Now something else; that was a high-class job Congress pulled off on the soldier-vote bill. Voting could have been made simple; yet most of us aren't going to vote this year. We're not forgetting those who place politics ahead of human rights. There are also things the Negro isn't forgetting. Neither will gold-star mothers if the isolationists have their way. We're taking all this, but there's a limit. CORPORAL

Somewhere in Louisiana, June 30

Reduce Spending

Dear Sirs: In your editorial on page 31 of the issue of July 8 there seems to be a misapprehension with regard to the problem of avoiding inflation. "Savings," you state, are about at the rate of $38,000,000,000 a year, but "only about $13,000,000,000 of this amount is being invested in war bonds or other government securities." You state that bank purchases of bonds are inflationary in effect, while individual purchases are not.

Actually, whether the $38,000,000,000 is held by individuals in the form of currency, or invested in government bonds by individuals has no effect on the inflationary situation. The thing that is needed is not that people should dip into their savings to buy bonds, but that they should *reduce present spending in order to absorb the bond issue.* In other words, *new* saving has to be performed, thereby removing additional funds from the market. Only in this way can we really avoid inflation, by reducing the flow of purchasing power to a market on which the volume of available consumer goods and services has been greatly reduced. G. R. HORNE

Windsor, Ontario, July 8

CONTRIBUTORS

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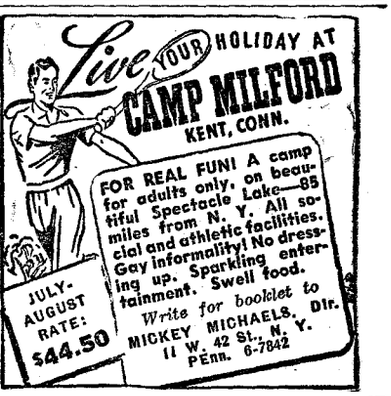
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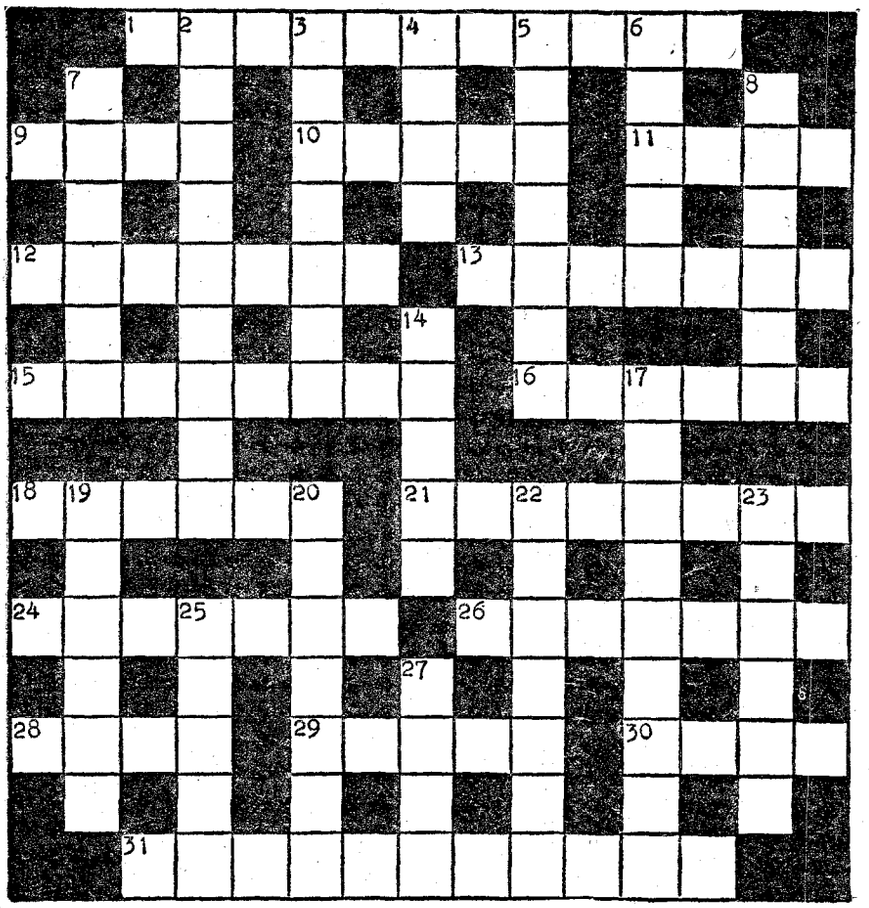
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 73

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 How unseasonable bathers overcome preliminary reluctance (three words, 5, 3 and 3)
9 The bell was going before I left
10 "They also ----- who only stand and wait" (Milton)
11 Live-stock
12 "Tea, Paul?" (anag.)
13 Everything in the performance is lacking in depth
15 Pint to me (anag.)
16 It is right before the fire
18 Lieutenant of Othello and tool of Iago
21 Day most of us meet with a new resolution (two words, 3 and 5)
24 Dead men (anag.)
26 Almost any street in Germany or Austria
28 The Great Unknown of literature
29 "For today in this -----, Summoned by a stern subpoena, Edwin, sued by Angelina, Shortly will appear" (*Trial by Jury*)
30 Platform from which much has been said
31 So called, no doubt, because they take us under

DOWN

2 "No peace for the wicked" (and very little for the ----------!)
3 Sausage (anag.)
4 Four letters of attorney
5 "Quite out of ----- of the poor tourist, peer he binocularly never so neck-breakingly" (*A Taste for Honey*)
6 There's a fish in the basket already
7 A follower of Mahomet
8 Go and ask for one!
14 The end of the bee
17 I slander this Northerner, phonetically speaking
19 Necessary when shooting
20 Just escapes being average by being too old
22 Medical treatment for harriers in the rain? (two words, 3 and 4)
23 Foreign country where you will find U. S. airs
25 Madame L'Enclos
27 A sort of dado around the dining-room

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 72

ACROSS:—1 STAR-CHAMBER; 9 FOOLSCAP; 10 GRILSE; 11 HUMERUS; 12 CARTOON; 14 ENCORE; 15 BETRAYER; 17 PART-TIME; 20 DAPHNE; 22 STRAUSS; 24 IMPASSE; 26 POWDER; 27 OVERSHOE; 28 TRESPASSERS.

DOWN:—2 TALKED-OUT; 3 RECLUSE; 4 HOPE; 5 MIGRANT; 6 EVICT; 7 COLUMN; 8. ASHORE; 13 ABBEY; 16 APPRAISER; 18 ACTION; 19 INSERTS; 20 DOMBEYS; 21 NESTOR; 23 ADDER; 25 SODA.

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